In this Number **The Mermaid of Lighthouse Point.** *By* **Bret Harte**

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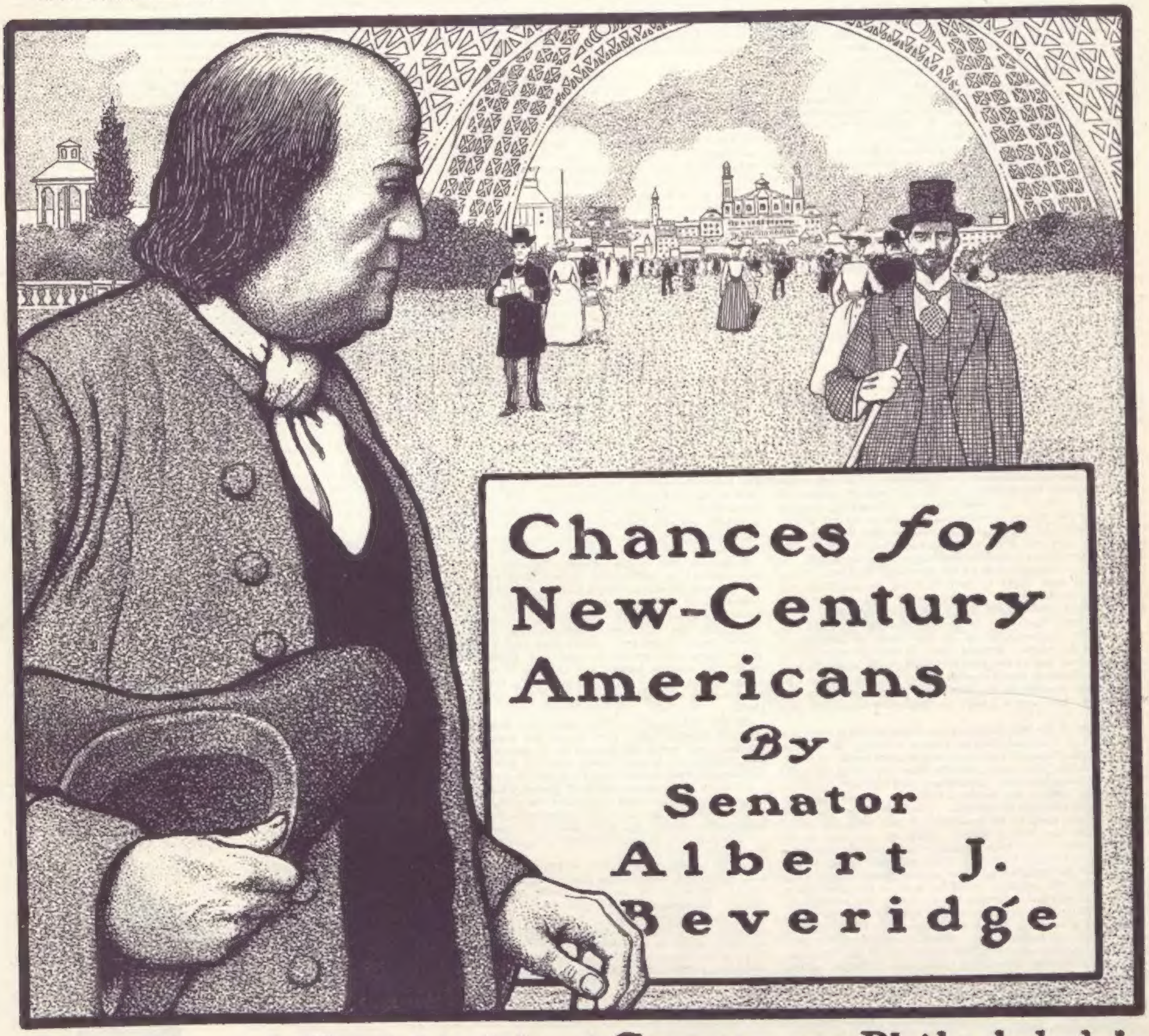


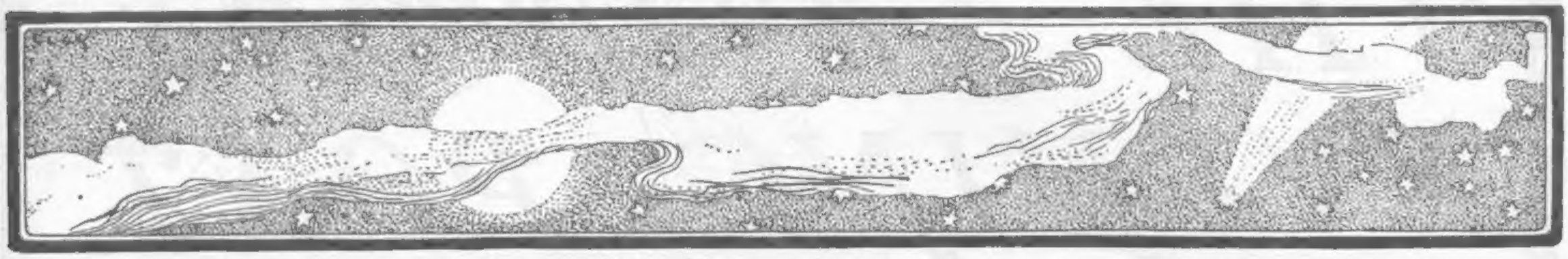
Chances for New-Century Americans

By

Senator Albert J. Beveridge

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

Great Chances for New-Century Americans



By Senator Albert J. Beveridge

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SOME two years ago a young man of uncommon ability, but lacking the imagination of hope, said to me that it seemed to him as if everything great had already been done.

"Great battles," said he, "have been fought; there will be no more wars of magnitude. The great principles of the law have all been announced and applied to every conceivable form of human rights and controversy. For example, in our own country there will be no more new and great constitutional arguments. Everything, from now on, will be only an application of what has already been said and decided. In invention, there may be some improvements on old and present inventions, but there will be no more Edisons, no more Teslas. In medicine, we are about at the top of the mountain. In literature, the creative and fundamental things have all been done. From now on books will be mere second-hand talk. In statesmanship, nothing is left except that common housekeeping which we call administering government. In diplomacy, the same old lies will continue to be told, and so on."

This young man's profoundly melancholy view of life is that which I have found crushing the enthusiasm and *élan* out of most college students I have met. In their hearts they feel that progress is finished, so far as individual effort by them is concerned. They feel that, for them, there is nothing but to eat, and sleep, and laugh, and grieve, and go to their graves. They feel that, for them, there is no such thing as leaving behind them a monument of their own constructive effort. Talk to any young man in college or school and you will find this feeling, like a pathetic minor chord, running through his highest and most daring boasts.

That very day I went at the noon hour to talk about life—life which, like death, nobody understands—for a few minutes to the students of our training school. I could think of no more vital theme for them than to point out that the great things have not all been done—no, not even commenced.

Are There Opportunities in the Law?

Let us take the law—that entrancing subject which exercises such an empire over the minds of most young men. Our own constitutional law is only a part of that universal body of jurisprudence with which all real lawyers must deal. Very well; we have only begun the discussion and settlement of our great constitutional questions. Marshall and Hamilton, it is true, when they formulated the doctrine of implied powers, seemed to unlock the door of all constitutional difficulties, leaving nothing for the future lawyers and jurists to do but to find their way through the channels and passages thus opened. But it was only one great field to which they laid down the bars. Others equally large—yes, larger—lie beyond it. It is generally admitted now by all thorough students of the Constitution that there is such a thing as constitutional progress—constitutional development. The Constitution does and will grow as the American people grow.

Half a dozen questions are now in the public mind that measure, in importance, up to the level of Marshall's elementary decisions. Beyond these is still the application of institutional law to the interpretation of the Constitution. There is no book so much needed in the present, or that will be so much needed in the future, as a great work on our institutional law—such a work as the world sees once in a century.

The phase of the law involving our Constitution is only one department of a subject wide as human activity. It is clear to all that the laws of marriage and divorce must be made uniform, rational and rigid; that the laws respecting corporations are inappropriate, inadequate and unjust, both to corporations and to the public—that they do not measure up to present complex conditions. The laws respecting commercial paper need to be systematized and rendered sane. It is absurd, too, that a farmer living on one side of an imaginary State line which separates his farm and the State in which it is located from that of his neighbor living on the other side of the imaginary line in another State, should have to deal with his neighbor as if he were a foreigner in a foreign land and under foreign laws. Again, the multiplication of decisions on all subjects has reached a point where practice by precedent, to be exhaustive and thorough, has become practically impossible; and so the problem that confronted the Roman emperors and terminated in the Pandects of Justinian is now demanding immediate solution at the hands of American legislators, lawyers and jurists.

So, you see, my ambitious young friend, that scarcely anything has yet been done in the law, and that what has been done is so bulky, unorganized and confused, that to reduce, rationalize and systematize it is the greatest task of all. The trouble will therefore be with yourself and not with conditions if you remain an underling in this great profession.

Take literature—take imaginative literature. Is it not plain that the great novel of modern society is yet to be written? The battle between the complex machinery of our industrial system and human nature, and the mastery of human nature over the former, present a theme such as Homer or Virgil or Dante never had. The world awaits this genius! If you are not he but are talented in that direction, there are a thousand phases of American life that are of permanent historic value, and which are rapidly passing away forever and need to be perpetuated.

Is There a Master Poet to Appear?

In poetry, the master singer of modern days has not yet appeared. There have been faint signs of him in Tennyson—a note of him, a suggestion of him, an indistinct prophecy of him in nearly all of the world's singers for a hundred years. Some day he will come. It may be soon, and then he will sound that note which shall again thrill the hearts and again turn heavenward the eyes of men all round the world.

The point I am making is that the great things in poetry have not *all* been done. On the contrary, it is the same old cry the world has heard since Homer. Until Shakespeare wrote it appeared, to those who had no vision, that the immortal things in literature had all been done. But these immortal things and things not immortal, things permanent and things temporary, were only food and material for Shakespeare. Literature, then, has only been furnishing the materials—the timber—for the structure that is yet to be built. But the timber is noble in dimension and they must be giants who use it. If you are a giant, your task awaits you.

"It is nonsense to talk of any great war in which this country will ever be engaged," said a wise and experienced public man to me one day, in discussing our future. "There is no place in the world for distinguished service by an American soldier. He can wear his uniform; he can study his tactics; he can be a warrior of the ball-room—but, after all, he is only a kind of policeman."

This conversation was had some years ago. The fallacy of this conservative (shall we not say short-sighted—for sometimes they are mistaken one for another) man's conclusion has been revealed by recent events. And these events are only an index of similar possibilities. Not that we want war; not that it is desirable; not that it should not be avoided if possible; but that the movement of the pawns by Events on the great chessboard of the world and history may force us to war, no matter how unwillingly.

It may be that in the ultimate outcome, to use a double superlative, "a parliament of man and federation of the world" will be established which shall divide and distribute commerce as railroads are now said to agree on division of business and equality of rates (are *said* to do, mind you, for is there not the interstate commerce law and the interstate commerce commission?). But before such a noble condition arises there will surely be vast and destructive conflicts unless the temper, nature and attitude of men and nations change; and, if they occur, no one but a fanatic of reaction imagines for one instant that we shall be able to keep out of them.

So that not all the battles have been fought, not all the strategy thought out. And if you are a soldier and mean business, you need not despair of the possibility of winning that highest of honors given man to win—the honor of fighting for your country and of dying for your flag.

"I think the statesmanship of Joseph Chamberlain is the most comprehensive and instructive since that of Bismarck," said a passenger on an ocean steamer to an Englishman of considerable distinction in the world of letters.

"I fail to see the statesmanship," said the latter; "will you kindly point it out?"

"Why," said the admirer of Chamberlain, "the British Empire needed unifying; it needed to be bound together by ties of sentiment, by all those means which consolidate a nation. Its connections were too loose. Chamberlain has, by the Boer war, unified it. Canadians have fallen on the same field with England's soldiers. Australians have poured out their blood as a common sacrifice for England's flag. The empire has been knit together by a common heroism, a common sacrifice, a common glory and a common cause. It will not be hard to induce all portions of the empire to unite on a great scheme of parliamentary representation. Now, all that I call great statesmanship."

"Yes, indeed it is," said the English litterateur, "but Joseph Chamberlain never had such a thought."

Is There Still Work for Great Statesmen?

The point of this conversation is that whether Mr. Chamberlain had this thought or not, *the materials for the thought existed.* The conditions for this really constructive statesmanship were there. They awaited the hand of the master. Conditions of equal magnitude exist in half a dozen places in the world. Russian development of Siberia and seizure of Manchuria are one. The possible combinations that may be effected when the aged Austrian Emperor dies are another. The mightiest one of all is the one in which American statesmanship must play a dominant part—the great question of China and the far East which is luridly before us now.

There are three or four great international questions for this Republic to solve on this hemisphere, the solution of any one of which means immortality for the statesman who achieves it. Of course, the great industrial and sociological questions are the profoundest of all, and the very evolution of business itself seems to be hastening the time when some satisfactory solution of them may at least be begun.

So that, if you really have the material of a statesman in you—the stuff that thinks out great questions—there is a field before you compared with which the opportunities of Hamilton and Washington and Jefferson almost seem small, leviathan as those opportunities were and masterfully as those great men improved them.

A great editor of this country gave it to me as his opinion that the art of producing a newspaper is as much in its infancy as is the science of electricity. "The yellow journal," said he, "is an evolution just as trusts in their deeper significance are an evolution. We have had the didactic editor; he did his work and has passed away. We are now having the editor who deals with facts—'cold facts,' as Dickens would say—but, in his turn, he is only a part of the general evolution. There is not an editor in this country, no matter what his own views may be as to his own paper, who does not know, and in his heart admit, that the ideal paper is yet to be produced."

Excellent and even wonderful as the public press of to-day is, the above is the opinion held by the great mass of men; and it is the correct opinion. I mean what I say when I use the words "excellent and wonderful" as applied to newspapers. To me the newspaper is a daily astonishment. What we are all in search of is fresh and vital thought and suggestion; and no one can acquire the art of newspaper reading without getting, each day, one or many new points of view on the world and its great human currents. It could not be otherwise.

Has Modern Journalism a Wide Field?

Each one of our great papers is at enormous outlay to get strong, capable men—young men with fresh minds and old men with the wisdom of experience. It is simply out of the question for these men, working together, to bring forth a product that does not have in it some remarkable thing—some new point of view, some fact which your most careful research has not disclosed to you.

I remember an instance in my recent experience. There was a subject to which I had given many years of study. The facts, I felt, had at least been accumulated. But an editorial in a great daily paper (a yellow journal at that) on this subject brought out a salient fact which none of the books had mentioned, and yet which, when one's attention was called to it, was so apparent that it really ought to have suggested itself. Yet all the speeches of the specialists on this subject, and all of the books, had failed to note it.

Some fresh and vigorous young mind, on that paper, had discovered it in studying the elementary factors of the problem itself. But this is digression. I am simply calling your attention to the fact that there are opportunities for you to be greater in the world of journalism than Greeley, or Raymond, or Bennett, or Bowles, or Dana, or any of the extraordinary men that have illumined the whole science of journalism by their intellect, accomplishments and character.

Electricity is a mysterious force which excites not only all the speculation but all the

mysticism in man. I contemplate its manifestations—equally deadly and vital—with feelings of wonder and awe. I always search for an electrician and listen to his stories of the mysterious power with which he deals. One of the greatest of them said to me last year:

"No, we really know nothing about it, after all. We have managed to do a great many things with it. We have learned some of its properties, but it holds fast its inner secrets. The great universe of electrical discovery has hardly been entered."

Take photography also—that wizardlike science. The man who, fifty years ago, would have predicted the moving picture which has already become commonplace to us, would have been rejected as a dreamer and a madman. Telephotography is almost as remarkable as the moving pictures. Color-photography will yet be reduced to perfection. The great chemists are constantly astounding us with suggestions so remarkable that they are weird.

Think of Professor Crooke's demonstration about securing our food from the air! Think of the Roentgen rays! One seizes one's head and closes one's eyes in bewilderment at the possibilities of inventions in every direction. All the great inventions made! How like the egotism of the infinitesimal mind of the human race that thought is! For if all the great inventions have been made, man has already mastered all of the laws of God's universe, and applied them practically to all conditions and substances in existence. How absurd!

Are There New Questions to Investigate?

The field of invention is like that strange and awful manifestation known as the "Milky Way." We see it with our naked eye—numberless stars and a pale, glowing blur around and behind them, and we childishly call it the "Milky Way." That miracle, called the telescope, is invented; we look again and there are more and new stars—but, still farther on in the infinite depths, the blur of light. Higher and higher goes the power of telescope after telescope, but all that they reveal is a bewildering infinitude of more new stars—and beyond that again the "Milky Way." This is an old and commonplace illustration, I know very well, but it exactly represents the possibilities of new and vast inventions, wherever you turn your eye.

The only question is whether you have the eye. The conditions are there to be discovered, asking for discovery, begging for discovery. If you have vision and do not produce a great invention, the fault is not in the universe about you. Of course, if you haven't vision, do not attempt it. Darius Green and his flying machine are ridiculous always.

What I have said of invention, war, statesmanship, literature, journalism and the law may be applied to every conceivable field of human thought. I merely wish to impress upon the great mass of young Americans that not only have all the great things not been done but that the greatest of great things are yet to come. If you have greatness in you, therefore, do not be discouraged.

Do not be discouraged, either, at failure and rebuke and defeat. If you are going to attempt great things, remember you are starting on a trunk-line and that all continental trunk-lines have tunnels here and there. But these tunnels are black with only temporary gloom. It is only the short roads that do not run through the mountains.

But if, in finding your limitations, as suggested in the first paper on The Young Man and the World, you find neither inclination nor talent for these great ventures in thought or action, do not, as you value happiness, and even life, attempt great things; for your failure has been written before you were born. *Do the thing which is in proportion to yourself;* and if that thing is not great, still you have served yourself, your family, your country and the world, just as much as he who has done a larger thing, and you deserve just as much credit for doing it.

None of us controlled the color of our eyes or the texture of our brain. If we could have done so, perhaps we should have been different from what we are. And we cannot change the nature and relations of things now, for "which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?"

The Mermaid of Lighthouse Point

By Bret Harte

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—walked quietly away

SOME forty years ago, on the northern coast of California, near the Golden Gate, stood a lighthouse. Of a primitive class, since superseded by erections more in keeping with the growing magnitude of the adjacent port, it attracted little attention from the desolate shore, and, it was alleged, still less from the desolate sea beyond. A gray structure of timber, stone and glass it was, buffeted and harried by the constant trade winds, baked by the unclouded six months' sun, lost for a few hours in the afternoon sea fog, and laughed over by circling guillemots from the Farallones. It was kept by a recluse—a preoccupied man of scientific tastes, who, in shameless contrast to his fellow-immigrants, had applied to the Government for this scarcely lucrative position as a means of securing the seclusion he valued more than gold. Some believed that he was the victim of an early disappointment in love—a view charitably taken by those who also believed that the Government would not have appointed a "crank" to a position of responsibility. Howbeit, he fulfilled his duties and, with the assistance of an Indian, even cultivated a small patch of ground beside the lighthouse. His isolation was complete! There was little to attract wanderers here—the nearest mines were fifty miles away; the virgin forest on the mountains inland was penetrated only by sawmills and woodmen from the Bay settlements, equally remote. Although by the shore line the lights of the great port were sometimes plainly visible, yet the solitude around him was peopled only by Indians—a branch of the great Northern tribe of "root diggers"—peaceful and simple in their habits, as yet undisturbed by the white man, nor stirred into antagonism by aggression. Civilization touched him only at stated intervals, and then by the more expeditious sea from the Government boat that brought him supplies. But for his contiguity to the perpetual turmoil of wind and sea he might have passed a restful Arcadian life in his surroundings. For even his solitude was sometimes haunted by this faint reminder of the great port hard by that pulsated with an equal unrest. Nevertheless the sands before his door and the rocks behind him seemed to have been untrodden by any other white man's foot since their upheaval from the ocean. It was true that the little bay beside him was marked on the map as Sir Francis Drake's Bay, tradition having located it as the spot where that ingenious pirate and empire-maker had once landed his vessels and scraped the barnacles from his adventurous keels. But of this Edward Pomfrey, or "Captain" Pomfrey, had thought little.

For the first six months he had thoroughly enjoyed his seclusion. In the company of his books, of which he had brought such a fair store that their shelves lined his snug quarters to the exclusion of more comfortable furniture, he found his principal recreation. Even his unwonted manual labor, the trimming of his lamp and the cleaning of his reflectors, and his personal housekeeping in which his Indian help at times assisted, he found a novel and an interesting occupation. For outdoor exercise a ramble on the sands, a climb to the rocky upland or a pull in the lighthouse boat amply sufficed him. "Crank" as he was supposed to be, he was sane enough to guard against any of those easy lapses into barbarism which mark the lives of some solitary gold miners. His own taste, as well as the duty of his office, kept his person and habitation sweet and clean, and his habits regular. Even the little cultivated patch of ground on the lee side of the tower was symmetrical and well ordered. Thus the outward light of Captain Pomfrey shone forth over the wilderness of shore and wave, even like his beacon, whatever his inward illumination may have been.

It was a bright summer morning, remarkable even in the monotonous excellence of the season, with a slight touch of warmth which the invincible Northwest Trades had not yet chilled. There was still a faint haze off the coast, as if last night's fog had been caught in the quick sunshine, and the shining sands were hot, but without their usual dazzling glare. A faint perfume from a quaint lilac-colored beach flower, whose clustering heads dotted the sand like bits of blown spume, took the place of that smell of the sea which the odorless Pacific lacked. A few rocks, half a mile away, lifting themselves above the ebb tide at varying heights as they lay in the trough of the swell, were crested with foam by a striking surge, or altogether erased in the full sweep of the sea. Beside and partly upon one of the higher rocks a singular object was moving.

Pomfrey was interested but not startled. He had once or twice seen seals disporting on these rocks, and on one occasion a sea-lion—an estray from the familiar rocks on the other side of the Golden Gate. But he ceased work in his garden patch and coming to his house exchanged his hoe for a telescope. When he got the mystery in focus he suddenly stopped and rubbed the object-glass with his handkerchief. But even when he applied the glass to his eye a second time he could scarcely believe his eyesight. For the object seemed to be a *woman*, her figure almost wholly submerged in the sea, her long hair depending over her shoulders and waist. There was nothing in her attitude to suggest terror, or that she was the victim of some accident. She moved slowly and complacently with the sea, and even—a more staggering suggestion—appeared to be combing out the strands of her long hair with her fingers. With her body half concealed, she might have been a mermaid.

He swept the foreshore and horizon with his glass. There was neither boat nor ship, nor anything that moved, except the long swell of the Pacific. She could have come only from the sea, for to reach the rocks by land she would have had to pass before the lighthouse, while the narrow strip of shore which curved northward beyond his range of view he knew was inhabited only by Indians. But the woman was

unhesitatingly, appallingly white, and her hair light, even to a golden gleam in the sunshine.

Pomfrey was a gentleman, and as such was amazed, dismayed and cruelly embarrassed. If she was a simple bather from some vicinity hitherto unknown and unsuspected by him, it was clearly his business to shut up his glass and go back to his garden patch—although the propinquity of himself and the lighthouse must have been as plainly visible to her as she was to him. On the other hand, if she was the survivor of some wreck and was in distress—or, as he even fancied from her reckless manner, bereft of her senses—his duty to rescue her was equally clear. In his dilemma he determined upon a compromise, and ran to his boat. He would pull out to sea, pass between the rocks and the curving sand spit and examine the sands and sea more closely for signs of wreckage, or some overlooked waiting boat near the shore. He would be within hail if she needed him, or she could escape to her boat if she had one.

In another moment his gig was lifting on the swell toward the rocks. He pulled quickly, occasionally turning to note that the strange figure, whose movements were quite discernible to the naked eye, was still there, but gazing more earnestly toward the nearest shore for any sign of life or occupation. In ten minutes he had reached the curve where the trend opened northward and the long line of shore stretched before him. He swept it eagerly with a single searching glance. Sea and shore were empty. He turned quickly to the rock, scarcely a hundred yards on his beam. It was empty, too! Forgetting his previous scruples, he pulled directly for it until his keel grated on its submerged base. There was nothing there but the rock, slippery with the yellow green slime of seaweed and kelp—neither trace nor sign of the figure that had occupied it a moment ago. He pulled around it; there was no cleft or hiding-place. For an instant his heart leaped at the sight of something white caught in a jagged tooth of the outlying reef, but it was only the bleached fragment of a bamboo orange crate, such as often strewed the beach, cast from the deck of some South Sea trader. He lay off the rock, keeping way in the swell and scrutinizing the glittering sea. At last he pulled back to the lighthouse perplexed and discomfited.

The Indian shook his head in surprise

Was it simply a sporting seal transformed by some trick of his vision? But he had seen it through his glass, and now remembered such details as the face and features framed in their contour of golden hair, and believed he could even have identified them. He examined the rock again with his glass and was surprised to see how clearly it was outlined now in its barren loneliness. Yet he must have been mistaken. His scientific and accurate mind allowed of no errant fancy, and he had always sneered at the marvelous as the result of hasty or superficial observation. He was a little worried at this lapse of his healthy accuracy—fearing that it might be the result of his seclusion and loneliness—akin to the visions of the recluse and solitary. It was strange, too, that it should take the shape of a woman, for Edward Pomfrey had a story—the usual old and foolish one.

Then his thoughts took a lighter phase and he turned to the memory of his books, and finally to the books themselves. From a shelf he picked out a volume of old voyages and turned to a remembered passage. "In these seas doe abound marvells seche as Sea Spyders of the bigness of a pinnace the wich they have been known to attack and destroy; Sea Vypers which reach to the top of a goodly maste whereby they are able to draw marinners from the rigging by the suction of their breaths; and Devill Fyshe which vomit fire by night and makyth the Sea to shine prodigiously, and meermaydes. They are half fyshe and half mayde of great beauty, and have been seen of divers godly and creditable witnesses swymming beside the rocks, hidden to the waist in the sea, combing of their hayres—to the help of whych they carry a small mirrore of the bigness of their faces!" Pomfrey laid the book aside with a faint smile. To this end of credulity he might come! Nevertheless he used the telescope again that day, but there was no repetition of the incident, and he was forced to believe that he had been the victim of some extraordinary illusion.

The next morning, however, with his calmer judgment, doubts began to visit him. There was no one of whom he could make inquiries but his Indian helper, and their conversation had usually been restricted to the language of signs or the use of a few words he had picked up. He contrived to ask if there was a "waugee" (white) woman in the neighborhood. The Indian shook his head in surprise. There was no "waugee" nearer than the remote mountain ridge to which he had pointed. Pomfrey was obliged to be content with this; even had his vocabulary been larger, he would no sooner have thought of revealing the embarrassing secret of this woman whom he believed to be of his own race to a mere barbarian than he would of asking him to verify his own impressions by allowing him to look at her that morning. The next day, however, something happened which forced him to resume his inquiries. He was rowing around the curving spot when he saw a number of black objects on the northern sands moving in and out of the surf which he presently made out as Indians. A nearer approach satisfied him that they were squaws and children gathering seaweed and shells. He would have pushed his acquaintance still nearer, but, as his boat rounded the point, with one accord they all scuttled away like frightened sandpipers. Pomfrey on his return asked his Indian retainer if they could swim. Oh, yes! As far as the rock? Yes. Yet Pomfrey was not satisfied! The color of his strange apparition remained unaccounted for, and it was not that of an Indian woman.

Trifling events linger long in a monotonous existence, and it was nearly a week before Pomfrey gave up his daily telescopic inspection of the rock. Then he fell back again upon his books and, oddly enough, upon another volume of voyages, and so chanced upon an account of Sir Francis Drake's occupation of the bay before him. He had always thought it strange that the great adventurer had left no trace or sign of his sojourn there; still stranger that he should have overlooked the presence of gold, known even to the Indians themselves, and have lost a discovery far beyond his wildest dreams and a treasure to which the cargoes of those Philippine galleons he had more or less successfully intercepted were but trifles. Had the restless explorer been content to pace these dreary sands during three weeks of inactivity with no thought of penetrating the inland forests behind the range or even of entering the noble bay beyond? Or was the location of the spot a mere tradition as wild and unsupported as the "marvells" of the other volume? Pomfrey had the skepticism of the scientific, inquiring mind.

Two weeks had passed, and he was returning from a long climb inland when he stopped to rest in his descent to the sea. The panorama of the shore was before him from its uttermost limit to the lighthouse on the northern point. The sun was still one hour high—it would take him about that time to reach home. But from this coign of vantage he could see what he had not before observed—that what he had always believed a little cove on the northern shore was really the estuary of a small stream which arose near him and eventually descended into the ocean at that point. He could also see that beside it was a long, low erection of some kind, covered with thatched brush, which looked like a "barrow," yet showed signs of habitation in the slight smoke that arose from it and drifted inland. It was not far out of his way, and he resolved to return in that direction. On his way down he once or twice heard the barking of an Indian dog, and knew that he must be in the vicinity of an encampment. A camp-fire, with the ashes yet warm, proved that he was on the trail of one of the nomadic tribes, but the declining sun warned him to hasten home to his duty. When he at last reached the estuary he found that the building beside it was little else than a long hut, whose thatch and mud-plastered, moundlike roof gave it the appearance of a cave. Its single opening and entrance abutted on the water's edge, and the smoke he had noticed rolled through this entrance from a smouldering fire within. Pomfrey had little difficulty in recognizing the purpose of this strange structure from the accounts he had heard from loggers of the Indian customs. The cave was a "sweat-house"—a calorific chamber in which the Indians closely shut themselves naked, with a smudge or smouldering fire of leaves, until, perspiring and half suffocated, they rushed from the entrance and threw themselves into the water before it. The still smouldering fire told him that the house had been used that morning, and he made no doubt that the Indians were encamped near by. He would have liked to pursue his researches further, but he found he had already trespassed upon his remaining time, and he turned somewhat abruptly away—so abruptly, in fact, that a figure, which had evidently been cautiously following him, had not time to get away. His heart leaped with astonishment. It was the woman he had seen on the rock.

Although her native dress now only disclosed her head and hands, there was no doubt about her color, and it was distinctly white, save for the tanning of exposure and a slight red ochre marking on her low forehead. And her hair, long and unkempt as it was, showed that he had not erred in his first impression of it. It was of a tawny flaxen, with fainter bleachings where the sun had touched it most. Her eyes were of a clear northern blue. Her dress, which was quite distinctive in that it was neither the cast-off finery of civilization nor the cheap flannels and calicoes usually worn by the California tribes, was purely native and of fringed deerskin, and consisted of a long, loose shirt and leggings worked with bright feathers and colored shells. A necklace also of fancy shells and tinted pebbles hung around her neck. She seemed to be a fully developed woman in spite of the girlishness of her flowing hair, and, notwithstanding the shapeless length of her gabardine-like garment, taller than the ordinary squaw.

Pomfrey saw all this in a single flash of perception, for the next instant she was gone, disappearing behind the sweat-house. He ran after her, catching sight of her again, half doubled up in the characteristic Indian trot, dodging around rocks and low bushes as she fled along the banks of the stream. But for her distinguishing hair she looked in her flight like an ordinary frightened squaw. This, which gave a sense of unmanliness and ridicule to his own pursuit of her, with the fact that his hour of duty was drawing near, and he was still far from the lighthouse, checked him in full career, and he turned regretfully away. He had called after her at first, and she had not heeded him. What he would have said to her he did not know. He hastened home, discomfited, even embarrassed—yet excited to a degree he had not deemed possible in himself.

During the morning his thoughts were full of her. Theory after theory for her strange existence there he examined and dismissed. His first thought, that she was a white woman—some settler's wife—masquerading in Indian garb, he abandoned when he saw her moving; no white woman could imitate that Indian trot, nor would remember to attempt it if she were frightened. The idea that she was a captive white, held by the Indians, became ridiculous when he thought of the nearness of civilization and the peaceful, timid character of the "digger" tribes. That she was some unfortunate, demented creature who had escaped from her keeper and wandered into the wilderness, a glance at her clear, frank, intelligent, curious eyes had contradicted. There was but one theory left—the most sensible and practical one—that she was the offspring of some white man and Indian squaw. Yet this he found, oddly enough, the least palatable to his fancy; and the few half-breeds he had seen were not at all like her.

The next morning he had recourse to his Indian retainer, Jim. With infinite difficulty, protraction, and not a little embarrassment, he finally made him understand that he had seen a "white squaw" near the sweat-house and that he wanted to know more about her. With equal difficulty, Jim recognized the fact of the existence of such a person, but immediately afterward shook his head in an emphatic negation. With greater difficulty and greater mortification Pomfrey presently ascertained that Jim's negative referred to a supposed abduction of the woman, which he understood that his employer seriously contemplated! But he also learnt that she was a real Indian, and that there were three or four others like her, male and female, in that vicinity; that from a "skeena mowitch" (little baby) they were all like that, and that their parents were of the same color, but never a white or "waugee" man or woman among them; that they were looked upon as a distinct and superior caste of Indians, and enjoyed certain privileges with the tribe; that they superstitiously avoided white men, of whom they had the greatest fear, and that they were protected in this by the other Indians; that it was marvelous and almost beyond belief that Pomfrey had been able to see one, for no other white man had, or was even aware of their existence.

How much of this he actually understood, how much of it was lying and due to Jim's belief that he wished to abduct the fair stranger Pomfrey was unable to determine. There was enough, however, to excite his curiosity and occupy his mind to the exclusion of his books—save one. Among his smaller volumes he had found a textbook of the "Chinook Jargon," with a lexicon of many of the words commonly used by the Northern Pacific tribes. An hour or two's trial with the astonished Jim gave him an increased vocabulary and a new occupation. Each day the incongruous pair took a lesson from the lexicon. In a week Pomfrey felt he would be able to accost the mysterious stranger. But he did not again surprise her in any of his rambles, or even in a later visit to the sweat-house. He had learned from Jim that the house was only used by the "bucks," or males, and that her appearance there had been accidental. He recalled that he had had the impression that she had been stealthily following him, and the recollection gave him a pleasure he could not account for. But an incident presently occurred which gave him a new idea of her relations toward him.

The difficulty of making Jim understand him had hitherto prevented him from intrusting him with the lighting of the lantern, but with the aid of the lexicon he had been able to make him comprehend its working, and under Pomfrey's personal guidance the Indian had once or twice lit the lamp and set its machinery in motion. It remained for him only to test Jim's unaided capacity—in case of his own absence or illness. It happened to be a warm, beautiful sunset, when the afternoon fog had for once delayed its invasion of the shore line, that he left the lighthouse to Jim's undivided care, and reclining on a sand dune, still warm from the sun, lazily watched the result of Jim's first essay. As the twilight deepened, and the first flash of the lantern strove with the dying glories of the sun, Pomfrey presently became aware that he was not the only watcher. A little gray figure creeping on all fours suddenly glided out of the shadow of another sand dune and then halted, falling back upon its knees and gazing

fixedly at the growing light. It was the woman he had seen. She was not a dozen yards away, and in her eagerness and utter absorption in the light had evidently overlooked him. He could see her face distinctly, her lips parted half in wonder, half with the breathless absorption of a devotee. A faint sense of disappointment came over him. It was not *he* she was watching, but the light! As it swelled out over the darkening gray sand, she turned as if to watch its effect around her, and caught sight of Pomfrey. With a little startled cry—the first she had uttered—she darted away. He did not follow. A moment before, when he first saw her, an Indian salutation which he had learned from Jim had risen to his lips, but in the odd feeling which her fascination for the light had caused him, he had not spoken. With a critical consciousness that she was really scarce human he watched her bent figure scuttling away like some frightened animal, and went back to the lighthouse. He would not run after her again! Yet that evening he continued to think of her and recalled her voice, which struck him now as having been at once melodious and childlike, and wished he had at least spoken and perhaps elicited a reply.

He did not, however, haunt the sweat-house near the river again. Yet he still continued his lessons with Jim and in this way perhaps, although quite unpremeditatively, enlisted a humble ally. A week passed in which he had not alluded to her, when one morning as he was returning from a row Jim met him mysteriously on the beach.

"S'pose him come slow, slow," said Jim, gravely airing his newly acquired English; "make no noise—plenty catchee Indian maiden." The last epithet was the polite lexicon equivalent of squaw.

Pomfrey, though not entirely satisfied in his mind, nevertheless softly followed the noiselessly gliding Jim to the lighthouse. Here Jim cautiously opened the door, motioning Pomfrey to enter.

The base of the tower was composed of two living-rooms, a store-room and an oil tank. As Pomfrey entered Jim closed the door softly behind him. The abrupt transition from the glare of the sands and the sun to the semi-darkness of the store-room at first prevented him from seeing anything, but he was instantly distracted by a scurrying flutter and wild beating of the walls, as of a caged bird. In another moment he could make out the fair stranger quivering with excitement, passionately dashing at the barred window, the walls, the locked door, and circling around the room in her desperate attempt to find an egress, like a captured sea-gull. Amazed, mystified, indignant with Jim, with himself and even with this unfortunate captive, Pomfrey called to her in Chinook to stop, and going to the door flung it wide open. She darted by him, raising her soft blue eyes for an instant in a swift, sidelong glance of half appeal, half frightened admiration, and rushed out into the open. But here, to his surprise, she did not run away. On the contrary, she drew herself up with a dignity that seemed to increase her height, and walked majestically toward Jim, who, at her unexpected exit, had suddenly thrown himself upon the sand, in utterly abject terror and supplication. She approached him slowly, with one small hand uplifted in a menacing gesture. The man writhed and squirmed before her. Then she turned, caught sight of Pomfrey standing in the doorway, and walked quietly away. Amazed, yet gratified with this new assertion of herself, Pomfrey respectfully but, alas, incautiously called after her. In an instant, at the sound of his voice, she dropped again into her slouching Indian trot and glided away over the sand hills.

Pomfrey did not add any reproof of his own to the discomfiture of his Indian retainer. Neither did he attempt to inquire the secret of this savage girl's power over him. It was evident he had spoken truly when he told his master that she was of a superior caste. Pomfrey recalled her erect and indignant figure standing over the prostrate Jim, and was again perplexed and disappointed at her sudden lapse into the timid savage at the sound of his voice. Would not this well-meant but miserable trick of Jim's have the effect of increasing her unreasoning, animal-like distrust of *him*? A few days later brought an unexpected answer to his question.

It was the hottest hour of the day; he had been fishing off the reef of rocks where he had first seen her, and had taken in his line and was leisurely pulling for the lighthouse. Suddenly a little musical cry, not unlike a bird's, struck his ear. He lay on his oars and listened. It was repeated, but this time it was unmistakably recognizable as the voice of the Indian girl, although he had heard it but once. He turned eagerly to the rock, but it was empty; he pulled around it, but saw nothing. He looked toward the shore and swung his boat in that direction, when again the cry was repeated with the faintest quaver of a laugh—apparently on the level of the sea before him. For the first time he looked down, and there on the crest of a wave, not a dozen yards ahead, danced the yellow hair and laughing eyes of the girl. The frightened gravity of her look was gone, lost in the flash of her white teeth and quivering dimples, as her dripping face arose above the sea. When their eyes met she dived again, but quickly reappeared on the other bow, swimming with lazy, easy strokes, her smiling head thrown back over her white shoulders as if luring him to a race. If her smile was a revelation to him, still more so was this first touch of feminine coquetry in her attitude. He pulled eagerly toward her; with a few long overhand strokes she kept her distance, or, if he approached too near, she dived like a loon, coming up astern of him, with the same childlike, mocking cry. In vain he pursued her, calling her to stop, in her own tongue, and laughingly protesting; she easily avoided his boat at every turn. Suddenly, when they were nearly abreast of the river estuary she turned in the water and, waving her little hands with a gesture of farewell, leaped into the surging swell of the estuary bar and was lost in its foam. It would have been madness for him to have attempted to follow in his boat and he saw that she knew it. He waited until her yellow crest appeared in the smoother water of the river and then rowed back. In his excitement and preoccupation he had quite forgotten his long exposure to the sun in his active exercise and that he was poorly equipped for the cold sea-fog which the heat had brought in earlier, and which now was quietly obliterating sea and shore.

This made his progress slower and more difficult, and by the time he had reached the lighthouse he was chilled to the bone.

The next morning he awoke with a dull headache and great weariness, and it was with considerable difficulty that he could attend to his duties. At nightfall, feeling worse, he determined to transfer the care of the light to Jim, but was amazed to find that he had disappeared, and what was more ominous, a bottle of spirits which Pomfrey had taken from his locker the night before had disappeared, too. Like all Indians, Jim's rudimentary knowledge of civilization included "fire water"; he evidently had been tempted, had fallen, and was too ashamed or too drunk to face his master. Pomfrey, however, managed to get the light in order and working, and then, he scarcely knew how, betook himself to bed in a state of high fever. He turned from side to side, racked with pain and with burning lips and pulses. Queer fancies beset him; he had noticed when he lit his light that a strange sail was looming off the estuary, a place where no sail had ever been seen or should be—and was relieved that the lighting of the tower might show the reckless or ignorant mariner his real bearings for the "Gate." At times he had heard voices above the familiar song of the surf, and tried to rise from his bed, but could not. Sometimes these voices were strange, outlandish, dissonant, in his own language, yet only partly intelligible, but through them always rang a single voice, musical, familiar, yet of a tongue not his own—hers! And then out of his delirium—for such it proved afterward to be—came a strange vision. He thought that he had just lit the light, when from some strange and unaccountable reason it suddenly became dim, and defied all his efforts to revive it. To add to his discomfiture he could see plainly through the lantern a strange-looking vessel standing in from the sea. She was so clearly out of her course for the "Gate" that he knew she had not seen the light, and his limbs trembled with shame and terror as he tried in vain to rekindle the dying beacon. Yet to his surprise the strange ship kept steadily on, passing the dangerous reef of rocks, until she was actually in the waters of the bay. But stranger than all, swimming beneath her bows was the golden head and laughing face of the Indian girl—even as he had seen it the day before. A strange revulsion of feeling overtook him. Believing that she was luring the ship to its destruction, he ran out on the beach and strove to hail the vessel and warn it of its impending doom. But he could not speak—no sound came from his lips, and now his attention was absorbed by the ship itself. High-bowed and pooped, and curved like a crescent moon, it was the strangest craft that he had ever seen. Even as he gazed, it glided on nearer and nearer, and at last beached itself noiselessly on the sands before his own feet. A score of figures as bizarre and outlandish as the ship itself now thronged its high forecastle—really a castle in shape and warlike purpose—and leaped from its ports. The common seamen were nearly naked to the waist; the officers looked more like soldiers than sailors. What struck him more strangely was that they were one and all seemingly unconscious of the existence of the lighthouse, sauntering up and down carelessly, as if on some uninhabited strand, and even talking, so far as he could understand their old bookish dialect, as if in some hitherto undiscovered land. Their ignorance of the geography of the whole coast, and even of the sea from which they came, actually aroused his critical indignation; their coarse and stupid allusions to the fair Indian swimmer as the "mermaid" that they had seen upon their bow made him more furious still. Yet he was helpless to express his contemptuous anger, or even make them conscious of his presence. Then an interval of incoherency and utter blankness followed. When he again took up the thread of his fancy the ship seemed to be lying on her beam ends on the sand; the strange arrangement of her upper deck and top hamper—more like a dwelling than any ship he had ever seen—was fully exposed to view, while the seamen seemed to be at work with the rudest contrivances, caulking and scraping her barnacled sides. He saw that phantom crew, when not working, at wassail and festivity; heard the shouts of drunken roysterers; saw the placing of a guard around some of the most uncontrollable; and later, detected the stealthy escape of half a dozen sailors inland, amidst the fruitless volley fired upon them from obsolete blunderbusses. Then his strange vision transported him inland, where he saw these seamen following some Indian women. Suddenly one of them turned and ran frenziedly toward him, as if seeking succor, closely pursued by one of the sailors. Pomfrey strove to reach her, struggled violently with the fearful apathy that seemed to hold his limbs, and then, as she uttered at last a little musical cry, burst his bonds and—awoke!

Pomfrey fell into a reverie

As consciousness slowly struggled back to him he could see the bare wooden-like walls of his sleeping-room, the locker, the one window bright with sunlight, the open door of the tank-room, and the little staircase to the tower. There was a strange smoky and herblike smell in the room. He made an effort to rise, but as he did so a small sunburnt hand was laid gently yet restrainingly upon his shoulder, and he heard the same musical cry as before, but this time modulated to a girlish laugh. He raised his head faintly. Half squatting, half kneeling by his bed was the yellow-haired stranger.

With the recollection of his vision still perplexing him he said in a weak voice, "Who are you?"

Her blue eyes met his own with quick intelligence and with no trace of her former timidity. A soft caressing light had taken its place.

Pointing with her finger to her breast in a childlike gesture she said:

"Me—Olooya."

"Olooya!" He remembered suddenly that Jim had always used that word in speaking of her, but until then he had always thought it was some Indian term for her distinct class.

"Olooya," he repeated. Then with difficulty attempting to use her own tongue he asked, "When did you come here?"

"Last night," she answered in the same tongue. "There was no witch fire there," she continued, pointing to the tower. "When it came not, Olooya came! Olooya found white chief sick and alone. White chief could not get up! Olooya lit witch fire for him."

"You?" he repeated in astonishment. "I lit it myself."

She looked at him pityingly as if still recognizing his delirium and shook her head. "White chief was sick—how can know? Olooya make witch fire."

He cast a hurried glance at his watch hanging on the wall beside him. It had run down, although he had wound it the last thing before going to bed. He had evidently been lying there helpless beyond the twenty-four hours.

He groaned and turned to rise, but she gently forced him down again and gave him some herbal infusion in which he recognized the taste of the Yerba Buena vine which grew by the river. Then she made him comprehend in her own tongue that Jim had been decoyed while drunk aboard a certain schooner lying off the shore at a spot where she had seen some men digging in the sands. She had not gone there, for she was afraid of the bad men—and a slight return of her former terror came into her changeful eyes. She knew how to light the witch light; she reminded him she had been in the witch tower before.

"You have saved my light, and perhaps my life," he said weakly, taking her hand.

Possibly she did not understand him, for her only answer was a vague smile. But the next moment she started up, listening intently, and then with a frightened cry drew away her hand and suddenly dashed out of the building. In the midst of his amazement the door was darkened by a figure—a stranger dressed like an ordinary miner. Pausing a moment to look after the flying Olooya, the man turned and glanced around the room and then with a coarse, familiar smile, approached Pomfrey.

"Hope I ain't disturbing ye, but I allowed I'd just be neighborly and drop in, seein' as this is Gov'nment property, and me and my pardners, as American citizens and taxpayers, helps to support it. We're coastin' from Trinidad down here and prospectin' along the beach for gold in the sand. Ye seem to hev a mighty soft berth of it here—nothin' to do."

The man's effrontery was too much for Pomfrey's self-control, weakened by illness.

"It is Government property," he answered hotly, "and you have no more right to intrude upon these premises as you are doing than you have to decoy away my servant, a Government employee, during my illness, and jeopardize that property."

The unsuspectedness of this attack and the sudden revelation of the fact of Pomfrey's illness in his flushed face and

hollow voice, apparently frightened and confused the stranger. He stammered a surly excuse, backed out of the doorway and disappeared. An hour later Jim appeared, crestfallen, remorseful and extravagantly penitent. Pomfrey was too weak for reproaches or inquiry, and he was thinking only of Olooya.

She did not return. His recovery in that keen air, aided as he sometimes thought by the herbs she had given him, was almost as rapid as his illness. The miners did not again intrude upon the lighthouse nor trouble his seclusion. When he was able to sun himself on the sands he could see them in the distance at work on the beach. He reflected that she would not come back while they were there, and was reconciled. But one morning Jim appeared, awkward and embarrassed, leading another Indian, whom he introduced as Olooya's brother. Pomfrey's suspicions were aroused. Except that the stranger had something of the girl's superiority of manner there was no likeness whatever to his fair-haired acquaintance. But a fury of indignation was added to his suspicions when he learned the amazing purport of their visit. It was nothing less than an offer from the alleged brother to sell his sister to Pomfrey for forty dollars! Unfortunately Pomfrey's temper once more got the better of his judgment. With a scathing exposition of the laws under which the Indian and white man equally lived, and the legal punishment of kidnaping, he swept what he believed was the impostor from his presence. He was scarcely alone again before he remembered that his imprudence might affect the girl's future access to him—but it was too late now.

Still he clung to the belief that he should see her when the prospectors had departed, and he hailed with delight the breaking up of the camp near the sweat-house and the disappearance of the schooner. It seemed that their gold-seeking was unsuccessful, but Pomfrey was struck, on visiting the locality, to find that in their excavations in the sand at the estuary they had uncovered the decaying timbers of a ship's small boat of some ancient and obsolete construction. This made him think of his strange dream, with a vague sense of warning which he could not shake off, and on his return to the lighthouse he took from his shelves a copy of the old voyages to see how far his fancy had been affected by his reading. In the account of Drake's visit to the coast he found a footnote which he had overlooked before, and which ran as follows:

"The Admiral seems to have lost several of his crew by desertion, who were supposed to have perished miserably by starvation in the inhospitable interior, or by the hands of the savages. But later voyagers have suggested that the deserters married Indian wives, and there is a legend that a hundred years after a singular race of half-breeds bearing unmistakable Anglo-Saxon characteristics were found in that locality."

Pomfrey fell into a reverie of strange hypotheses and fancies. He resolved that when he again saw Olooya he would question her; her terror of these men might be simply racial or some hereditary transmission.

But his intention was never fulfilled. For when days and weeks elapsed, and he had vainly haunted the river estuary and the rocky reef before the lighthouse, without a sign of her, he overcame his pride sufficiently to question Jim. The man looked at him with dull astonishment.

"Olooya gone," he said.

"Gone—where?"

The Indian made a gesture to seaward which seemed to encompass the whole Pacific.

"How? With whom?" repeated his angry yet half-frightened master.

"With white man in ship. You say *you* no want Olooya—forty dollars too much."

Spending the Campaign Fund

Vote-Catching Devices. By Forrest Crissey

BOTH Republican and Democratic National Headquarters have an air of simplicity which plainly suggests their transitory character, and are as un-aristocratic as the average commercial establishment, or, to make the comparison still closer, a typical American newspaper office. This latter figure applies with peculiar aptness, for one of the principal functions of the National Headquarters is that of editing parts of thousands of newspapers. No American editor has before him a more complex, responsible and strenuous task than that which is faced by Mr. Perry S. Heath and Mr. Willis J. Abbot, who are, respectively, at the head of the Republican and Democratic Press Bureaus. Upon the judgment, the intelligence and the resourcefulness of these men depend, to a very large degree, the results of the November election, and thousands of devoted partisans are watching the work of these chief editors and holding them largely responsible for the outcome of the campaign. A single slip of judgment on the part of either is likely to throw the election to the other side.

To keep the great army of writers and speakers from ill-advised expressions, lurking with danger and disaster, is one of the gravest responsibilities resting upon these chief campaign editors. They must keep watch upon the mouth and the pen of every orator, speaker and writer working under the national party organization and see that no blunders, like the famous alliteration of Doctor Burchard, bring reproach and disaster to the cause.

This is the negative feature of their work. Its positive side is to put out tons of convincing literature and thousands of campaign novelties, to pitch the key of the campaign for every section of the country, and devise new ways of catching the eyes and ears of the masses to the end of enforcing the political lesson of the moment.

A picturesque part of the work is in connection with the selection of campaign novelties—the more sensational devices for compelling the attention of voters. The merits of all novelties are passed upon by the heads of the two press bureaus, or by their lieutenants—the latter sifting out the hopelessly bad and submitting to their chiefs only those schemes which show some promise.

A fair example of this class of devices is a miniature elephant made of Canton flannel stuffed with sawdust. This was labeled "Vote for the G. O. P.," and was urged as a "sure winner" if liberally distributed among the business men of the country, to be used as a pincushion. But the purchasing agent failed to see how the process of sticking pins into a G. O. P. elephant was likely to convert the "floating" voter to the doctrines of the Republican party.

A Sensation Caused by a Big Bomb

Thus far, however, the party managers for Mr. Bryan must be given credit for having received an offer of the most sensational campaign novelty. A caller haunted the Democratic Headquarters, importuning the doorkeepers and sergeants for an audience with Senator Jones, the National Chairman. He insisted on a secret sitting with Mr. Jones, and refused to divulge his mission until told that he could not be granted an audience with the chief of the Democratic campaign forces until his business was explained. Then, from a small, fat grip, he produced a large and formidable bomb, and for a moment he was under suspicion of being about to threaten the Headquarters with destruction. But he prevailed upon those detailed to decide the merits of his invention to go with him and witness a demonstration of its qualifications as a campaign argument. Hurled against the wall of a building this monster torpedo exploded with a terrific report. Then from its core dropped a miniature model of Mr. Bryan's head. This, argued the inventor, suggested the indestructibility of the Democratic cause and the invincible qualities of the candidate. The throwing of a single bomb of this character would be sufficient to rally a crowd in any town and the orator could emphasize and elaborate the lesson thus introduced. He desired the committee to invest not less than $25,000 in it.

If the makers of matches have their way, no smoker in the United States will be under the necessity of asking his neighbor for a "light" while the campaign is on. Their project is to sell the National Republican Committee a million packages of "safeties," each box to bear a portrait of McKinley and Roosevelt and a terse motto which will meet the eye of the grateful citizen every time he lights a match. Failing to place their novelty with the Republicans, the manufacturers of matches will offer it to the Democrats.

In the case of any device which is as well adapted to the use of one party as the other, the suggestion is generally made by its promoter that a refusal to purchase implies that the article will surely become a part of the armament of the enemy. Still another interesting proposition comes from a large street railway company. It contemplates putting a concise Democratic or Republican argument on the tens of thousands of street car transfer slips given to the traveling public each week. The agent of the company submitted a convincing array of figures to show that the average passenger rides a distance of many blocks after the transfer slip has been placed in his hands; that the most prejudiced partisan cannot throw away the slip, no matter how violently he may oppose its little campaign sermon; and that the majority of transfer tickets are carried in the hands of the passengers instead of in the pocket. The proposal contemplates a weekly change of the message on the slips.

A Republican novelty, submitted to the purchasing agent, is in the form of "Rough Rider leggings" of cheap but fairly serviceable canvas. Whether this offer is accepted or rejected it is welcomed as thoroughly in touch with the freshest element in the campaign—for the Republican managers declare that Rough Rider Clubs are to be a feature. The uniform in which the dashing "Teddy" led the charge of San Juan is depended upon to cut a bigger figure in this campaign than did the historic log cabin and the bell-crowned hat in the great political struggles led by the hero of Tippecanoe and the present Harrison. Rough Rider badges will be distributed by the millions from National Republican Headquarters.

The crafty fisher for votes has accepted, as a settled principle, the observation that it is easier to hook his victim "through the eye" than by any other means. He goes out after his game with a glittering pictorial bait which carries as neatly barbed a point as the most artistic fly ever cast by an angler. No argument, he reasons, catches so quickly and sticks so fast as a single idea wrought into a clever cartoon, bright with a show of gay colors, which signals the eye of the passer from fence, barn, bill-board and window. There is no dodging this kind of argument, say the managers. Its work is done and its lesson taught before the observer can withdraw his glance.

Cartoons Freely Sent Broadcast

The star cartoon of the Republicans in the last national campaign was called The Real Issue, and depicted on the one hand deserted factories, closed banks, idle workmen and famishing women and children; on the other was a scene of industrial activity and prosperity, of busy workmen with happy wives and children in the enjoyment of comfort and luxuries, the fruit of Republican rule.

The one, however, which has the most interesting history and did the most effective work in the wool-growing States showed on one side of a central tree a famished and deserted flock of sheep beset by Free-Trade wolves and perishing for lack of Republican protection; to the right of the tree was another flock, sleek and well fed, watched by the herders and shepherd dogs of a Protective Tariff.

Behind this picture is an incident supposed to have been its direct inspiration. It is as follows:

In northern Nebraska was a wool grower whose prosperity was suddenly swept away. In his flock were hundreds of sheep, and he faced the fact that he could not feed them through the late fall and winter without expending more than the trifling amount they would bring in the market. Whilst hesitating what course to pursue he turned them out to shift for themselves, to pick up enough grazing to sustain life or to perish from hunger and lack of care.

All his herders were withdrawn, and the flock wandered about at will. The sheep chanced to drift to the open field about the little district schoolhouse. There they found a few crusts of bread thrown from the dinner-pails of the children. This was enough to cause the wretched and starving creatures to huddle about the schoolhouse and refuse to desert it. Their piteous bleatings so drew upon the sympathetic heart of the young New England girl who taught the school that she became almost distracted and begged the owner of the flock to care for his creatures in a more humane manner.

The Starving Sheep and the Schoolmarm

He refused this appeal, and supported his position with the argument that the expense would bankrupt him under the existing conditions of the sheep market, and that he could see no hope ahead. Finally, to strengthen his justification in the opinion of the wretched little schoolmistress, he met her persistent appeals with the proposal that he would sell her the entire flock at five cents a head. Instantly, and to his great surprise, she accepted the offer, and then set out among her friends on the prairie to carry out her part of the contract, which involved the payment of a large sum.

The first farmer she visited could lend her no money, but he offered to sell her a large quantity of hay and give her all the time she might need in which to pay for it. The next patron of the school on whom she called agreed, on the same terms, to furnish comfortable folds for housing the flock from the cold. Several of the larger boys of the school engaged to help her in the capacity of herders, and thus the immediate wants of the flock were provided for, although many were dying from hunger and neglect.

The chief possession of the school teacher was a valuable diamond ring. For a few days she delayed the desperate expedient of parting with this treasure; but the bleating of the helpless flock settled the problem, and she sent the ring to an acquaintance in a large city, who borrowed on it a sum sufficient to meet the needs of the sheep.

At this stage of the incident the campaign was well under way and the story reached the ears of a Western member of the National Republican Committee—with the result that the Nebraska Sheep Cartoon was issued by thousands and did splendid service in the Western Wool States.

In due course the fortunes of the wool growers were restored. The flock of the mistress of the district school had thrived and multiplied, and she found herself in possession of an ample competency. From the proceeds of her first shearing she redeemed the diamond ring and is now one of the substantial wool growers of her adopted State.

Most cartoons, however, are made, not born, of a stirring incident. Many of them make their first appearance in the daily newspapers and are adopted by the campaign managers. One which is expected to do strong service for the Republicans this year depicts Mr. Bryan in an effort to talk with the workingmen over the telephone wire. The only answer he gets is "Busy," the picture showing the prosperous laborers bending over forge and bench, too imperatively occupied to discuss politics or finance. This originally appeared in a Chicago paper, and will be freely distributed from Republican Headquarters. Another Republican cartoon will depict a Cuban sugar plantation scene before and after the war with Spain—one section showing devastation and ruin, the other picturing thrift and prosperity.

The biggest "hit" scored by a novelty in the history of Presidential campaigning in America was made by the little

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers giving an inside view of the management of the Presidential campaign.

paper flags bearing the portraits of McKinley and Hobart. The magnitude of their success is suggested by the fact that the National Republican Committee alone put out 1,800,000 of these flags. Placed in a single pile they would have made a monument higher than the famous Masonic Temple, the tallest skyscraper in Chicago.

How campaign "hits" originate cannot be better illustrated than by citing the origin of this flag idea. A young Chicago printer had long struggled to devise a novelty which would meet the approval of the National Republican Committee and get him a profitable contract. One device after another failed to meet his purpose, and he was well-nigh discouraged. Suddenly his eye caught the flutter of a small flag hanging from the window of a skyscraper. It gave him a thrill of pleasure, and this brought the inspiration which ultimately won him a comfortable fortune and helped Mr. McKinley into the White House. In a few hours he had his design completed and his estimates made. Then he visited Headquarters—only to find that his device was received by Mr. Hanna and his chief lieutenants with indifference. Finally, however, he submitted it to Mr. Rand, in charge of the Bureau of Printing, and secured an order for 100,000. These were no sooner distributed than the demand for more poured in from every part of the country. Soon the printer had three paper mills and several big printing houses devoting their entire capacity to the manufacture of the little flags.

Pushing Campaign Novelties

The men with campaign novelties are marvels of energy and promptness. They are followers of the traditional "early bird," and the candidates are no sooner named than they are on the ground. Immediately after the appointment of Mr. Heath as Secretary of the National Republican Committee and Chief of the Press Bureau he went to New York. Although taking the precaution to enter his hotel by the side entrance, he found fully five hundred persons waiting for him, eager to present as many schemes and novelties. One of the most tempting novelties offered involved the expenditure of $400,000. To conduct the campaign on a scale implied by this investment would, according to Mr. Heath's careful estimate, call for a campaign fund of fully a hundred million dollars.

Perhaps the novelty which the National Republican Committee has found greatest difficulty in refusing is the great Festival of Prosperity, offered by a leading fireworks company. This, however, has been officially commended to the State and County organizations, and clubs and other local organizations throughout the country. The plan is regarded as a sure means of assembling almost the entire population of any large section of the country for a monster rally. Its greatest attractions are a series of moving pictures thrown upon a huge sheet by a kinetoscope, and a brilliant display of fireworks, in set pieces, especially designed to preach Republican gospel in the eloquence of brilliant colors and bursting shells, bombs and rockets. This will be used in doubtful States, and it is expected that every man will "stay to see the fireworks in the evening." The moving pictures are in great variety and will present the party arguments in a very graphic and ingenious manner. One moment the crowd of spectators is shown a dilapidated farmhouse labeled "1896." This is followed by a view of the same homestead, free from mortgage and restored to good repair. This is called "1900 and Republican Prosperity." When it is known that a subsidy of $100,000 would have been required to float this great attraction and make it a part of the National Committee work, it will be seen why it was dismissed, or rather, turned over to the smaller committees and organizations.

The custom of giving official indorsement to various schemes and novelties which meet the approval of those in authority, but are too expensive or cumbersome to be handled in the wholesale way required for use by a National Committee, is followed at both Headquarters.

Such commendations are cautiously given, and the promoter of a campaign novelty who secures the indorsement of the National Committee may be well content with the prospects of his mission. Polyphones, or phonographs of the highest power, will be used by both parties, and have been indorsed by both Democratic and Republican Headquarters.

These will be supplied with speeches specially delivered by the candidates and leading orators of each party. Mr. Bryan has already furnished the manufacturers of the polyphone with a few brief declarations of his principles, and these powerful instruments will multiply the echoes of his rich voice in almost a perfect reproduction, so that a thousand audiences, remote from his presence, will simultaneously listen to his ringing eloquence.

These machines cost $100 each, and the most popular plan is to urge political clubs to purchase them, or to inspire a small group of individuals in closely contested localities to combine and purchase a polyphone to be disposed of at the end of the campaign. The same methods will be employed in the distribution of stereopticons and magic lanterns.

Millions of Portraits Distributed

But why does not the National Committee of each party buy these convincing devices and send them by hundreds into the doubtful States? Because the "national funds" must go for so many other things, which cannot be dispensed with, for which there is a universal demand, and which do not call for so high a unit of cost. The matter of portraits of the national candidates is but one item in a long list of matters of this kind, but the Republicans are preparing to put out five million portraits of McKinley and Roosevelt. Not so many copies of the Bryan and Stevenson poster will be distributed from the National Headquarters in the Auditorium building, for a great portion of this work will be left to the Democratic State Committees.

While the machinery of office organization, as seen at the National Headquarters of Democrats and Republicans, is essentially the same, each has its peculiar characteristics and experiences. Mr. Willis J. Abbot, head of the Democratic Press Bureau and the close personal friend of Mr. Bryan, sees more of the pathetic than of the picturesque in his daily round of work. He stands in greater dread of the "man with a book" than of any other creature in human form.

Although hardened by many years of service in high editorial positions, he confesses that his heart strings are almost daily wrung by the necessity of saying "No" to the man whose life is locked up in the book offered to insure the election of Mr. Bryan.

Recently his auxiliary office, where most of the detail work of the Press Bureau is done, was invaded by a venerable gentleman who had come from the remote Pacific Slope to offer a book on the railroad problem. The author declared that he had put into this onslaught upon the private ownership of railroads months of labor, and nearly all his available funds. Mr. Abbot found the work well done, but not vital to the main issues of the present political struggle, and therefore wholly foreign to the needs of the National Democratic Committee. But the author could not relinquish hope and continued to haunt the desk of the young chief of the Press Bureau until given a blunt and peremptory refusal.

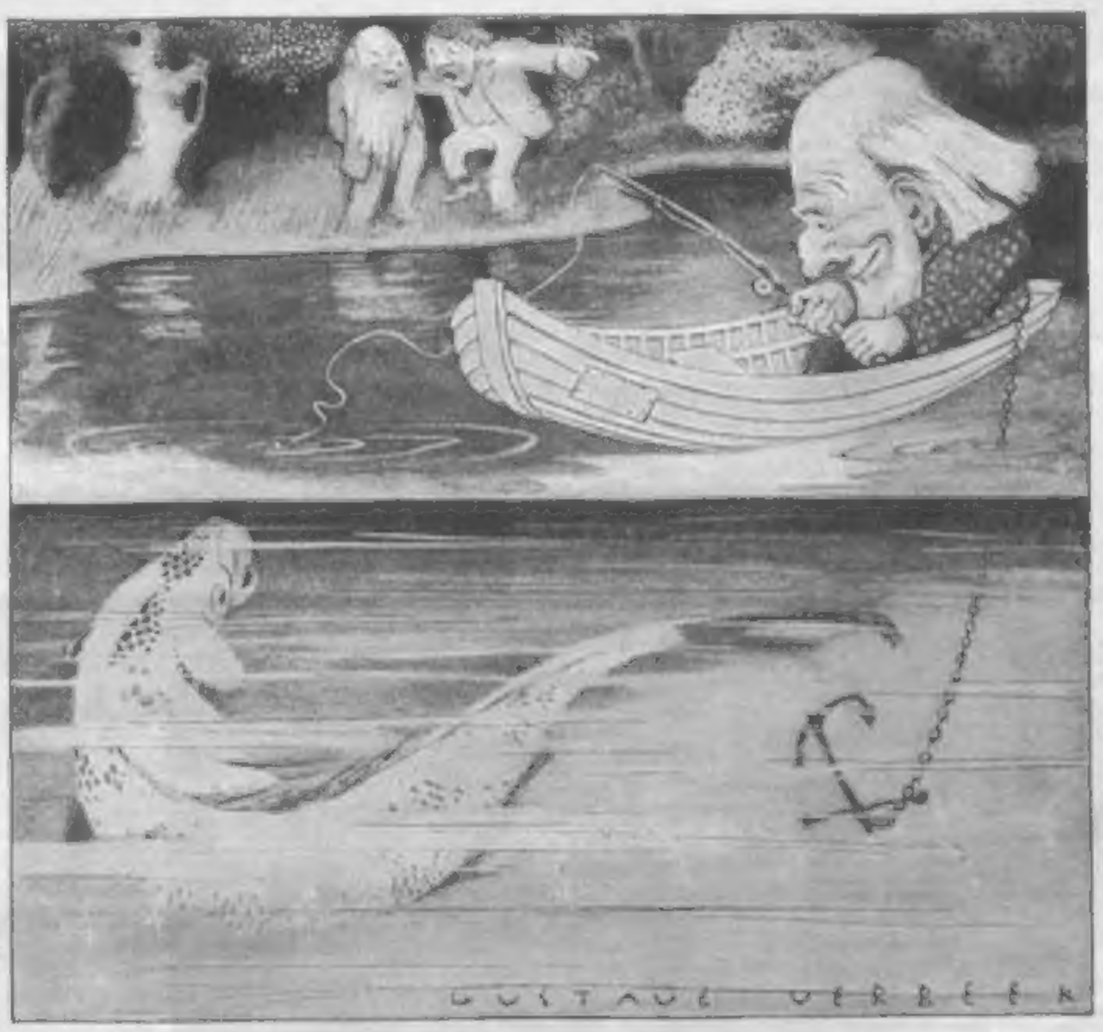
Another invincible author who has hung on Mr. Abbot's trail ever since the opening of Democratic Headquarters is a campaign poet. He has not failed to report at the chief editorial desk three days of each week, armed with the manuscript of a metrical attack, in three volumes, upon trusts, the gold standard and Imperialism. At first he would permit the National Committee to publish his three volumes of campaign poetry for $500. He made it plain, however, that this offer implied a distinct sacrifice on the altar of party interest. Eventually his pecuniary demands were lowered until the sum of $50 was named. Then he generously offered the manuscript gratis. But his sensibilities were doomed to suffer from the shock of having his verses rejected, even on that basis.

The sublime self-confidence inspired by the labor of producing a masterpiece of party literature, to be clothed in dignified board covers, is impressed upon the chief of the National Democratic Press Bureau with the passage of each day. He thought he knew something of literary egotism, having known from boyhood writers of all degrees; but it has remained for the Presidential campaign of 1900 to reveal the proportions which this sentiment is able to attain under stress of political pressure.

Recently he received from a celebrated corporation lawyer of the East a book manuscript which was offered to the National Committee with the modest assurance of its author that no voter could possibly read the book without being at once converted to the Democratic cause; that if the committee would put fifteen millions of the books into the hands of the citizens of the Republic the election of Mr. Bryan would be absolutely assured. The acceptance of this offer, the letter reiterated, would leave it wholly unnecessary for the committee to continue on any other line of campaign activity; with a copy of this book in the hands of every voter, speeches and other writings could be dispensed with, and the leaders need only concern themselves with the distribution of the offices, as the election would be settled beyond peradventure. And this was from a lawyer of standing and influence in his community, the legal representative of large corporate interests!

The newest feature of this campaign is the appearance of the Editorial Forum, by means of which a paper not having strong partisan proclivities is able to present both sides of the issues. Many papers, some of them having a large metropolitan circulation, have adopted this method, as calculated to hold both their Republican and Democratic subscribers. Editors of papers of this class appealed, in large numbers, to the National Committee of each party to select a distinguished journalist to represent it by contributions of an editorial character. As a result of this new movement, Mr. Murat Halstead for the Republicans and Mr. Willis J. Abbot for the Democrats are contributing to scores of papers throughout the country, their arguments appearing in practically parallel columns. The "Straddle Bureau," as the new department is sometimes referred to, was unknown in the last Presidential campaign.

One of the most important functions performed by the National



The Fate of the Fatuous Fisherman

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

A SALMON lived near to Vancouver;
  He was large, and excessively strong;
He was such an habitual mover
  That he never was motionless long.
Like the rest of the fishes in Finland,
  The rivers he often would gain,
But he ne'er was contented when inland,
  For he always remembered the main.

A fisherman once went an-angling
  In an antediluvian craft;
His neighbors came near unto strangling,
  So much at that shallop they laughed.
But the fisher, his little hook baiting,
  Remarked, "I shall win if I try."
And for hours he sat patiently waiting
  Till the salmon rose up to the fly.

With a dexterous twist and a turn, he
  Secured a good grip on the hook,
And the fisherman went on a journey
  That rivaled the journeys of Cook.
At a pace that was simply terrific
  The salmon set out for the West,
And he managed to cross the Pacific
  Not pausing a moment to rest.

He skirted the Philippine Islands,
  Sumatra was left on the lee,
He sped by the Ceylonese highlands,
  And he crossed the Arabian Sea;
Past Aden and Suez and Malta
  He went like a comet, until
Just grazing the rock of Gibraltar,
  He headed southwest for Brazil.

As obstinate as a virago,
  He raced till the following morn,
When, passing Tierra del Fuego,
  He hurriedly rounded the Horn.
He hastened by Juan Fernandez,
  And pointing his nose to Peru,
He came into view of the Andes
  That day at a quarter to two.

But here a big fragment of coral
  Ripped off from the shallop a plank,
And with haste that was almost immoral
  The treacherous cockle-shell sank.
The fisher his head above water
  Maintained by the aid of an oar;
And he floated an hour and a quarter
  In hope of attaining the shore.

At last he cried: "Jupiter Ammon!
  My merciful fortune I thank
That I've met with the king of all salmon!
  That bite was a wonder!" and sank.
The salmon but traveled the faster;
  He said: "I am innocent quite,
For that boat was the cause of disaster;
  'Twas a bark that was worse than my bite."

Press Bureau of either party is the giving of special editorial advice in times of sudden emergency and on matters of delicate character, and in view of peculiar local conditions and complications. Hundreds of telegrams are sent out from each Headquarters telling the editors of faithful party organs how to "handle the situation," and perhaps turn a knockout blow into a boomerang hit.

Probably over two hundred letters asking for advice of this kind are received each day at each Headquarters during the stress of the campaign. These problems are nearly always important, and sometimes of so difficult and crucial a nature that they are sent in to the Executive Committee for discussion and decision.

Editorials for Every Section

The great burden of editorial work at National Campaign Headquarters, however, is in reaching the country voter with campaign facts and arguments. This is accomplished by various methods, but all are based on what is known in printers' terms as the "patent inside" plan. A large part of numerous country newspapers is printed in a large syndicate house in a metropolitan city, or is furnished by such a house in the form of an electrotyped plate. The total number of newspapers reached in this manner from Republican National Headquarters is about twelve thousand, while the Democratic list is about eight thousand. The average circulation of these papers is conservatively placed at five hundred copies, and it is estimated that at least two voters read each copy of every one of these papers. A little figuring will demonstrate to what an immense circle of readers the two National Committees thus make their appeal. It must also be remembered that a political article in a local paper carries to the mind of the rural voter a weight of authority which it would not have if it reached him in some other form. The countryman feels that the article in his local paper has the indorsement of the country editor, and his personal acquaintance with that dignitary inspires confidence in all that finds its way into the paper.

Less than a dozen editors are employed to write and select this matter for either of the National Press Bureaus. They are either veteran newspaper men or specialists in certain lines of economics, political science or statistical work. Only a suggestion of the enormous mass of printed matter in which their labors result is to be had from the statement that the "supplements" alone, sent out during the last campaign from Republican National Headquarters, would fill two freight trains of twenty cars each. This does not include what is termed "plate" and "ready print" matter, which is far greater in volume than the supplements.

"Slabsides"

It is not to be presumed that the traditional campaign document has been supplanted by the novelty or the "patent inside" newspaper feature. Already more than five million copies of documents have gone out from the Democratic Headquarters. These are in ten or twelve varieties. An ordinary edition of a pamphlet issued by the Republican National Committee, in the present campaign, will be a million and a half of copies, and in many instances three millions. Already contracts have been made at Republican Headquarters for forty-five million copies of documents. The manuscript of these documents comes mainly from Senators, Congressmen and active politicians. Some of the best of them, however, are furnished by specialists and newspaper men. The spirit with which these manuscripts are examined is tersely expressed by Mr. Heath, who declares: "I will willingly give $1000 for a manuscript that will say in a thousand words all that is vital in this campaign, from the Republican viewpoint—and say it so hard that no honest, impartial, fair-minded man can get around it!"

The distribution of documents is a far more difficult and delicate matter than at first thought it would seem to be. A document calculated to do the party great good in one section of the country would often injure it in other localities. Then, too, the local conditions change almost as often and as abruptly as the weather. In 1896, for example, the Republicans shipped a carload of literature to Lexington, Kentucky. This matter had been specially prepared to meet local conditions and dealt with hemp, tobacco and other products of that region. After this shipment had been ordered Mr. Breckenridge was nominated as a Democrat or Fusion Gold candidate for the Governorship of Kentucky, and this overthrew all previous calculations. A messenger was instantly dispatched to the freight depot and succeeded in catching the shipment on the freight-house platform. Another car of special literature was shipped to Montana, whence it was recalled by telegraph, owing to a sudden change in local conditions. Its next destination was Kansas, but before it had been unloaded there the political atmosphere of the Sunflower State underwent a sudden violent change which would have rendered this literature harmful instead of helpful. Finally, however, it was reshipped to Texas, where it fulfilled its mission.

John Burroughs—Nature Lover

By Clifton Johnson

FIFTY or sixty years ago there was living up among the hilltops of the Catskills, in the little town of Roxbury, a boy known to his home folks and the neighbors as "Johnny" Burroughs. He was a true country boy, acquainted with all the hard work and all the pleasures of an old-fashioned farm life. His people were poor and he had his own way to make in the world, but the environment was on the whole a salutary one.

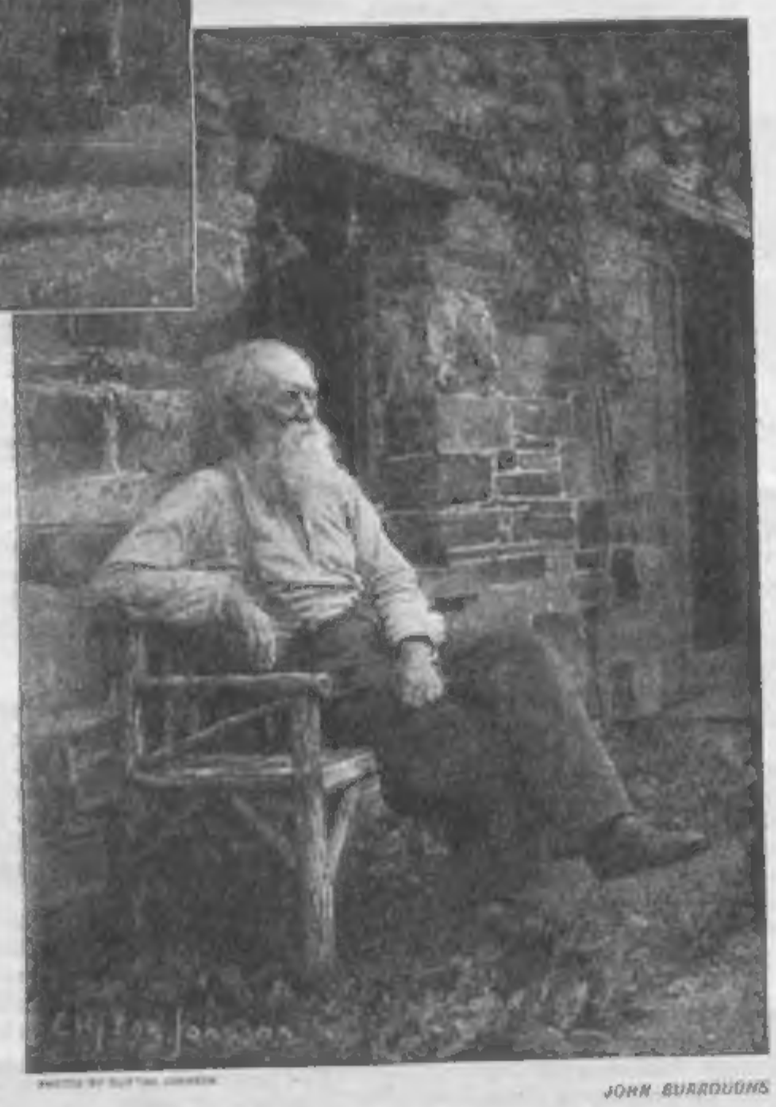
He has always had a great affection for the place of his birth, and he takes pleasure in the fact that his native hills are within sight from his present home on the Hudson near Poughkeepsie. Two or three times every year he goes back to them to renew his youth among the old familiar scenes.

The Burroughs farmhouse is in a wide upland hollow, commanding a fine panoramic view across a low valley eastward. Beyond the valley rise the great hills which, along the blue horizon, look like vast waves rolling in from a distant ocean. Nearer, you see thin details—the fields and patches of forest that checker their slopes, and the drifting cloud shadows that add intricacy to the pattern.

The boy, Johnny Burroughs, was very like the other youngsters of the region in his interests, his ways and his work. Yet, as compared with them, he had undoubtedly a livelier imagination and things made a keener impression on his mind. In some cases his sensitiveness was more disturbing than gratifying. When his grandfather told ghost stories to the children gathered around the blaze of the kitchen fireplace, John's hair would almost stand on end and he was afraid of every shadow.

He was decidedly averse to being out after dark, and there was a gloomy place under the barn that scared him even in the daytime. He used to send his dog under there to drive out the hobgoblins when he was about to work in the barn, and then he would work like a beaver to finish before the dog got tired of his part of the performance. Burroughs was well started in his teens before he outgrew his fears. To his surprise, the quakings then suddenly ceased, and he could even pass the little burying-ground, in the small hours of the morning, without a tremor.

John went to school in the little red schoolhouse across the valley, and as he grew older he aspired to attend an academy. He had to make the opportunity for himself and only succeeded in doing so at the age of seventeen, when he raised the needful money by six months of teaching. So, in the fall of 1854, he entered the Reading Literary Institute at Ashland, which he left the following spring for the seminary at Cooperstown. While at the latter place he began to write compositions, but in the themes there was nothing suggestive of his future field.



JOHN BURROUGHS

Goodness Essential to Greatness was one of his subjects, and other topics treated were equally profound and on similar lines.

With the coming of summer his student days were forever over and he went back to the home farm and worked in the hay fields till autumn. Then he borrowed money to take him to Illinois. Near Freeport he secured a school at forty dollars a month, which was wealth to him. Yet he gave up his position at the end of six months. "I came back," he says, "because of the girl I left behind me; and it was pretty hard to stay even as long as I did."

He got a school near home and held it for several years. At the age of twenty he married on a total capital of fifty dollars—a sum which was reduced about ten dollars by his wedding expenses. During the first year his wife continued to live with her family, while Burroughs taught at a town sixteen miles distant. Each Friday he closed school early and walked the long road, nearly all the way in the forest, to stay over Sunday with his wife. On Monday he would start back at three o'clock in the morning.

Until he was twenty-five years old his interest in Nature and his aptitude for keen observation lay dormant. It was awakened by reading a volume of Audubon, which chanced to fall into his hands while he was teaching, in 1862, near West Point.

Meanwhile the Civil War was going on, and it aroused in Burroughs a strong desire to enlist. He visited Washington, but what he saw there of army life rather damped his military ardor. It seemed to him that the men were driven about and herded like cattle, so, when a peaceful position in the Treasury Department was offered him, he accepted it, and for nine years was a Government clerk.

At the Treasury he guarded a vault and kept a record of the money that went in or out. The duties were not arduous, and in his long intervals of leisure his mind wandered far afield and dwelt on the charm of flitting wings and bird melodies. And, sitting before the Treasury vault, at a high desk and facing an iron wall, he began to write. There was no need for notes. His remembrance was all-sufficient, and the result was the essays which make Wakerobin, his first book.

By 1873 Burroughs had had enough of the routine of a Government clerkship, and he resigned to become the receiver of a bank in Middletown, New York. Later, he accepted a position as bank examiner in the eastern part of the State. But his longing to return to the soil was growing apace, and presently he bought a little farm on the western shores of the Hudson and called it Riverby. He built a house and started orchards and vineyards, but not until 1886 did he feel that he could give up his Government position and dwell on his own land with the assurance of a safe support.

The house which he built for a home has never been a wholly satisfactory working-place. He must get away from conventionalities, and he early put up on the border of his vineyards a little bark-covered study, to which it has been his habit to retire for his indoor thinking and writing. He still uses this study more or less, and often in the evening sits in an easy-chair, under an apple tree just outside of the door, and listens to the voices of Nature while he looks off across the Hudson. But the spot that of late most engages his affection is a reclaimed woodland swamp, back among some rocky hills, a mile or two from the river. A few years ago the swamp was a wild tangle of brush and stumps, fallen trees and murky pools. Now it has been cleared and drained, and the dark forest mould produces wonderful crops of celery, sweet corn, potatoes and other vegetables.

On a shoulder of rock near the swamp borders Burroughs has built a rustic house, sheathed outside with slabs and smacking in all its arrangements of the woodlands and of the days of pioneering. It has a great fireplace, where the flames crackle cheerfully on chilly evenings, and in which most of the cooking is done. In really hot weather, however, an oil stove serves instead. There is a delightfully cold spring on the other side of the hollow, and immediately back of the house is a natural cavern which makes an ideal storage place for perishable foods.

The descent to the cavern is made by a rude ladder, and to see Burroughs coming and going between it and the house has a most suggestive touch of the wild and romantic.

He is often at Slabsides, sometimes for weeks or months at a time, though he always makes daily visits to the valley to look after work in his vineyards and to visit the post-office at the railway station. He is a leisurely man, to whom haste and the nervous pursuit of wealth or fame are totally foreign.

He likes the comfort of old clothes and old shoes, he likes to loiter in the secluded lanes and byways, and when he gets a hint of anything specially interesting or new going on among the birds and little creatures of the fields he likes to stop and investigate. He has a keen ear and a quick eye, and much which to most of us would be unperceived or meaningless he reads like an open book.

He has the power of imparting his enthusiasms, and what he writes is full of outdoor fragrance, racy, piquant and individual. There may be other authors who are just as accurate observers, but none of them has Burroughs's fresh and original way of putting things. His snap and vivacity are wholly unartificial. They are a part of the man—a man full of imagination and sensitiveness, a philosopher, a humorist, a hater of shams and pretension. Such is John Burroughs, good farmer and delightful Nature essayist, whom to read is to esteem, and whom to know is to love.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

MR. JOHN A. HEUSNER

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PEYTON C. MARCH

MR. ROBERT W. HAIRE

Thumbs Up for Count Bozenta

Count Bozenta, the charming husband of Madame Modjeska, loves the Southland and its women. At a recent dinner he told why this was so.

"I do not know what it is," he said, "that the Southern women have. There is something about them that takes the heart out of your breast. Before you know, you are theirs. And you are so glad to be theirs. Whatever it is, they have it! Ah, me! How they do have it!

"I will tell you a little story," he continued, "to illustrate what I mean. My wife and I were in Louisville, Kentucky, and at the hotel where we stopped there lived a charming young lady with her mother. We sat at the same table. In the evening my wife was to play and there was to be a great fancy ball, given by the aristocracy of Louisville. It was raining most bitterly. A dark, stormy night, but the young people of the city were going to the theatre first and then to the ball.

"The charming young lady at the table laughed so at my wife because Madame said: 'Such a dreadful night it is! If I were not myself I should certainly not go to see myself play.'

"I said that I should be most lonely on such a terrible night, at which the young lady begged both of us to come to the fancy ball. Madame declined, saying she did not go anywhere after an exhausting play, but I looked what I really felt—that I should like to go and see the beauty of the South in social array. I said, however, that my only objection was that I should know no one, as all the young ladies were to be in masks.

"'I'll tell you what I'll do if you come,' said the young lady. 'You will walk in the room and look all around you. We shall probably be dancing. Don't feel embarrassed or lonely, but keep your eyes on our thumbs. As soon as I see you I shall raise up my hand—so—and put out my thumb—so—and that will say, "You know me."'

"So I went," continued the Count, "for I confess that the originality of the scheme allured me. I found myself in a magnificent ballroom with hundreds of people dancing. The music stopped and I looked steadfastly around me for the little thumb. Suddenly the sign was given—one thumb went out—then every lady's thumb was put out in the whole ballroom!

"You see, Madame, the glorious courtesy! Every pretty girl in Louisville in that ballroom said to me with her thumb, 'You know me!' Ah, Madame, these Southern women—they have it! They have it!"

The President of the "Boosters"

The Booster Club, of Chicago, is a club for the promotion of helpfulness. Its motto is expressed with breezy Western forcefulness:

"If you can't say anything good of a man, keep still."

The object of the club is expressed as follows:

"The discouragement of unkind criticism, and the encouragement and boosting of everything that is public-spirited or praiseworthy."

Each member wears a Booster button, and this token, wherever seen, is intended as a warning that harsh criticism, gossip and evil speaking are offensive to its wearer. Most of those who display this little badge of helpfulness are substantial young business men, for it is this class which furnishes the greater portion of the many recruits who are joining the movement. It has already begun to spread beyond Chicago. The president of the club is John A. Heusner. He was also its founder, and his most active helper is A. J. Olson. In a conversation between the two men they talked of their struggles in getting a foothold in the business world.

"My bitterest disappointments," said Mr. Heusner, "have come through people on whom, from friendship or relationship, I thought I had the most right to depend for encouragement, if not for aid." The discussion of this statement resulted in the organization of the club.

"My experiences have caused me," said President Heusner, a few days ago, "to classify men under three heads: Boosters, Knockers and Rangers. These are not very elegant terms, perhaps, but most men of the world will understand them, and I can illustrate by my own experience:

"Father died when I was a barefooted youngster. My two older brothers were accepted by the people of our little New York town as promising lads, but there was a certain element, which 'ranged' the community, that gave out the impression that my mother would escape easy if I failed to land in jail or in some way bring disgrace upon her head. Meantime I was working like a beaver and earning six dollars a week. All but seventy-five cents of this amount was always and willingly turned over to mother. Finally, the whisperings of the Rangers became so rasping to me that I determined to quit the old home town, make a good big stake, and then return in triumph to put their suspicions to confusion and hear them forced, for once, to speak fairly of me.

"Borrowing twenty dollars from my elder brother, I started for the West. I found employment with a railway, and, best of all, met a number of big-hearted, generous men of the world, who took delight in giving a boy a 'boost.' As a result, in just six months I was on my way back home for a triumphal visit. I had in my pocket $600 which I had earned and saved, an annual pass over the road which employed me, and also passes over several other lines.

"When the Rangers heard I had returned they dropped in at mother's to catechise me. I had resolved to do the generous thing and forgive them after I had seen their contrition. I made my modest boast as to what I had accomplished. One old Ranger casually hinted that if I had the documents with me they'd be more convincing than anything else. This was the opportunity I'd been waiting for and I put into his hands the $600 in currency and the railway passes. Then came my turn to be surprised and to learn the total depravity of the constitutional Ranger! That old fellow went away shaking his head, as much as to say that he wondered by what doubtful hook or crook I'd been able to get so much money together.

"It was the recollection of this and other experiences in my own life and similar experiences in the lives of others that caused the organization of the helpful Boosters."

Philology from the Far West

A work on philology is to come out of the West, and from one of the newest of the States. Robert W. Haire, one of the Regents of Education of South Dakota, is the author.

He has been gathering material and laboring on the book for thirty-five years and feels that the work is at length nearing completion. It has been his life ambition.

"The book is not a dictionary," he says, "but a word-list of the English language with the words ranged under their Aryan roots.

"The plan I am following is to give the Aryan roots in consecutive order, with their generic meaning, and then to give the same roots in the Sanscrit, the Greek, the Latin and the various Teutonic forms, and also their meaning in these forms. Examples of usings and borrowings, by various languages, will be given in parallel columns.

"The entire Aryan fabric is very simple, when you have the combination; just as, with a burglar-proof safe, the bolts slip easily and the ponderous doors swing without jar, when you have the combination. The young men and women of America ought to have such a passive knowledge of the English language as would enable them to understand a scientific word, when they see it, just as easily as they know the word 'horse,' though there are carpenter's horses, saw horses, sea horses and river horses."

The work will comprise seven hundred large pages.

The Treasure in Mrs. Aguinaldo's Trunks

Mr. Richard Harding Davis tells a story of the Santiago campaign to illustrate how men love cleanliness. A comrade found his saddle-bag, and, finding him the next day, returned pocketbook, letters and medicine to him.

"There were a clean shirt and collar there, too, Davis," he said, "but I took those; I couldn't resist that temptation. I brought everything else, but if you want that clean shirt you will have to take it off my dead body."

Now comes a little story from Manila of Lieutenant-Colonel March's struggle against the temptation to be clean. The Thirty-third Regiment had been having a pretty hard time of it in the chase for Aguinaldo in the northern part of Luzon. They were ragged, dirty and not well nourished. Civilization they had not seen for weeks, and battles had been fought, and long journeys had been taken over almost impassable trails.

Every man of them, from March down, would have given a goodly share of that Government salary awaiting them in Manila to have just a little piece of soap, a great big towel and a tub of water. And then came the capture of Madame Aguinaldo.

She had various cases of goods, and Lieutenant-Colonel (then Major) March ordered them examined, under his supervision, for fear of their concealing important papers.

The soldiers obeyed and went with curiosity and interest through the masses of Philippine wearing apparel, and all the laces and perfumes and fans that Madame Aguinaldo had carried with her in the flight.

Finally they came upon a box holding dozens of cakes of fine soap. Its fragrant, clean aroma arose to the men's faces and they suddenly stopped. Major March looked, too, and looked with eager, tempted eyes.

The men looked at their officer—the officer looked at the soap—then—well, it was Madame Aguinaldo's, not theirs.

Major March ordered them not to touch it, and he looked away while they wrapped it up and put it back. Surely the brilliant young West Pointer—former commander of the Astor Battery—deserved the tribute which Madame Aguinaldo paid to him while in Manila.

"I do not like the Americans," she said; "but as for Major March, he is the nicest, kindest man I ever met."

D. B. Hill on the Making of Presidents

The Honorable David Bennett Hill is nothing if not vigorous and terse in his mode of speech. When in the Senate he was always of the sledge-hammer type of speakers, and it would seem that he has not grown rusty in this art during his retirement at Wolfert's Roost. It was just after the Kansas City Convention in July that he delivered himself of a characteristic speech on the making of Presidents. He was returning from his struggle there to maintain a semblance of conservatism before the convention, when he was accosted by a friend who persisted in asking him all manner of questions: what he thought of the platform, what he thought of the chairman, what he thought of Croker, and finally, what he thought of Bryan as standard bearer. The ex-Senator pushed back his hat until his bald head became visible, and pulling fiercely at his mustache, replied:

"Oh, well, Presidents are very much like sausages."

"How so?" asked the astonished questioner.

"Oh, you like 'em better when you don't see 'em made," replied the ex-Senator.

Mooswa of the Boundaries By W. A. Fraser

The Coming of François

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NEXT morning, just as the gray of the oncoming day was rolling the night curtain into the forest depths, Muskwa, who was swinging leisurely along, with a walk like a Blue-Jacket, toward the Trappers' camp, discovered Wapoos sitting in his path.

"A snareless runway to you, little brother! Are you heading for the shack?"

"Yes," bleated Wapoos; "I'm still weak from the Seventh Year Sickness and hop badly, I fear."

"Jump up, little chap; your furry stomach will feel warm on my back. Huh! huh! this beastly fog that comes up from the waters of the Athabasca to battle with the sunlight gets into my lungs. I shall soon have to creep into a warm nest for my long sleep."

"Hast seen any of our comrades?" queried Wapoos, as he lay in the velvet cushion of black fur that was a good four inches deep on Bear's back.

"I heard the bay of Rof, as he called across the Pelican to some one. Here is Nekik's trail, where his belly has scraped all the mud spots."

"Aren't we a funny lot?" giggled Wapoos. "Mooswa's legs are like the posts of Man's cache—so long; and Otter's are like the knots on a tree—too short. See! there goes Black King and his red-headed mother."

"That is the queerest outfit in the Boundaries," chuckled Muskwa. "The Widow is red, and three of the sons; the babe, Stripes, is brown, with a dark cross on his back; while the King is as black as my daddy was. Sweet honey! but his coat was beautiful—like the inside of a hole on a pitch-dark night. There is a family of half-breeds up at the Landing, just like the Widow's lot. Some are red-haired, some are brown and some are black. I saw them once fishing at Duck Lake."

"Did they see you, Muskwa?"

"Am I not here, little brother—therefore their eyes were busy with the fish. Wu-u-f-f! I catch the scent of Man; jump down, Wapoos; push through the willows and tell me what seest thou?"

Bear sat on his haunches and waited.

"There's a white lodge," reported Rabbit, as he hopped back, "and inside is a throat-call that is not of our comrades."

"That's a Man's tepee; most like it was the Boy's song your big ears heard."

They went forward gingerly, Wapoos acting as pilot. In a little open space where Red Stone Brook emptied into the Athabasca was a small "A" tent. The two comrades lay down in the willows to watch. Soon they were joined by Black King. Otter was already there. Then came Blue Wolf and Mooswa. As Carcajou joined them, Whisky-Jack fluttered into the centre of the party.

"That's a tent," he said with the air of a courier explaining the sights to a party of tourists. "The Boy is putting on his skin. Do you hear his song-cry?"

"He hath a full stomach," growled Rof, "for his voice is full of content. What is the cry, Bird of Knowledge?"

"It's a song of my Crow cousins. I'll repeat a line for your ear-filled ears:

"There were three crows sat on a tree,
And they were black as crows could be;
Said one of them unto his mate,
Let's catch old Carcajou to ate!"

"All of a kind flock together," retorted Wolverine; "Birds and Boys and Fools."

Jack chuckled. To have roused Carcajou's anger was something to start the day with.

"Plenty of water to you all, comrades," greeted Beaver pleasantly, patting a smooth seat for himself with his tail, as he joined the others.

"Where is the Man?" queried Black King.

"Sleeping!" answered Jack. "He makes a noise with his nose like fat Muskwa does when he runs from Grizzly."

"That's a pretty lodge," remarked Beaver critically. "When will they flood it?"

"Stupid! They don't live in the water," reproved the Jay. "If it is wet they make a little hollow path and run the water off."

"Is that a dead-fall, Jack?" asked Muskwa, pointing his gray nozzle at a small square building that was three logs high.

"It's their lodge; they started it yesterday."

"Poor building!" declared Umisk. "The first flood will undermine the corners and down it will come. Have they no trowel-tails to round it up with good blue clay?"

"Umisk, you should travel. Your ideas are limited. Have they not built their lodge on high ground where there will be no flood?"

"But they'll freeze in the winter," persisted Beaver. "The water would keep them warm if they flooded it."

"They've got a stove," the courier answered.

"What's a stove?" asked Lynx.

"You'll find out, Mister Cat, when they make bouillon of your ribs. It's that iron thing with the one long ear."

"Is that their breakfast—that pile of wood meat?" queried Beaver.

"Yes, meat for the stove," piped Jack. "Do you think they have teeth like a wood ax, and eat bark, because you do?"

"They have got queer teeth, sure enough," retorted Trowel-Tail. "See this tree stump, cut flat from two sides, all full of notches as though a Kit-Beaver, who didn't know his business, had nibbled it down. How in the name of good workmanship they can fall trees into a stream that way I can't make out. This tree fell on the land and they had to carry the logs. They're silly creatures and have much to learn."

"There's the Boy!" whispered Jack.

They all peered eagerly at the door of the tent, for a white-skinned hand was unlacing it. Then a fair face, with rosy cheeks, topped by a mass of yellow hair, was thrust through the opening, and presently a lad of about fourteen stepped out, stretched his arms upward and commenced whistling like a bird.

"That's the Boy-call," said Black King, in a soft voice. "Listen, comrades, so that we may know it. François gives voice to the Man-call: 'Hi, yi! hi, yi! E-e-e-g-o-o-o!' Which means in their talk: 'Hear! hear! It is I—I—a Man!' That is because they claim to be Lords of all the Animal Kingdom, even as I am Ruler in our own Boundaries."

"François! François!" called the Boy, putting his face inside the tent; "the sun is up, the fog is gone, and I'm as hungry as a wolf."

Rof started. "Gur-r-r! how does the cub know my stomach is lean because of the Seventh Year Famine?"

A pair of sharp, black eyes gleamed from the tent-flap. They belonged to the Half-breed Trapper, François.

"Move back a little, brothers, into the willows," whispered the King; "he has devil-eyes."

François came out, took his ax and made some shavings from a jack-pine stick.

"Will they eat that?" asked Beaver.

The Half-breed stepped over to a birch tree, peeled from its side a handful of silver, ribbonlike bark, and lighted it with a match; it blazed and crackled like oil-soaked shavings. Then he shoved it in the stove, put chips and three sticks of wood in, shut the door, and thick black smoke curled up from the stove pipe. The animals stared with extraordinary interest.

Whisky-Jack craned his head, and watched the effect of this magic on his comrades.

"That's the Devil-thing that destroyed all the birds and their eggs," said the Red Widow. "It's the Man-fire."

The Blue Wolf was trembling. "E-u-h! E-u-h!" he whined; "Man's fire-medicine! It grows like the wind and destroys like the Rabbit plague. Once seven brothers of mine stalked a Man and he started the fire-medicine."

"What happened, Rof?" asked Carcajou.

"The Man escaped."

"And your seven brothers?"

"This red-poison ate them as Otter devours a fish—bones and all."

"I think the stove is a good thing," decided Black King. "The Man-fire is in a trap."

"Yes, the fire-trap is a good thing," concurred his mother, "if we wish to save the Birds."

"And the Rabbits!" added Lynx.

"And the berries!" grunted Muskwa.

"The purple Moose-weed grows after the fire has eaten the forest," mused Mooswa; "and if it glows hot and red on this side of the river I swim to the other."

"It's all right for you, Long-Legs, Pudding-Nose, Bob-Tail," gibed Whisky-Jack; "but the Law of the Boundaries is for the good of all. I hate the hot coals falling on my feathers when the forest is on fire."

The smoke curled lazily toward the river, away from the animals. Suddenly it veered about and the pungent perfume of the burning birch-bark came toward them.

Mooswa straightened his massive head, spread the nostrils of his great cushion-shaped nose, cocked his thick ears forward intently, and discriminated between the different scents that came floating on the sleepy morning air.

"The fire-breath—Wh-e-e!" It tickled a cough in his throat. The odor of the Half-breed—ugh! he knew that—it was the Man-smell. But stop! What? A something out of the long ago crept into his sensitive nostrils and touched his memory. Surely it had once been familiar!

The Boy crossed directly in the path of the wind, and Mooswa got it stronger. Then he knew. His big eyes glistened softly, eagerly; it was the scent of the Boy he had played with at the Hudson's Bay Fort.

"Comrades," he gurgled, for something was in his throat, "have I not told you of the Boy who was the Factor's young?"

"Whenever you got a chance!" snapped Whisky-Jack.

Mooswa sighed wearily. Jack's frivolity was tiring to his sedate mind.

"Well, that's my Boy there. I'd like to rub my nose against his rose-flowered cheek."

"Bring a pot of water," said François to his comrade, "while I cut up the fish."

"Great suckers!" exclaimed Nekik. "Fish! and a beauty, too. It's a Tulabie. I know them; they're first cousins to Whitefish. These Men have fine taste—a fish diet makes one clever."

"It does!" declared Mink.

"It's better than roots!" concurred Muskrat.

"Slow birds! It makes me hungry," sighed the Red Widow.

"So it does me, good dame," piped Whisky-Jack. "You chaps had better slip away home now; I'm going to breakfast with the Men. It isn't safe to remain, for I can't stop to look after you."

"Go and clear the plates, Feather-Front," cried Carcajou malignantly.

Jack sawed the air energetically with his wings and lighted on the wire guy with which François had steadied the stovepipe.

"Shall we move, comrades?" asked the King.

"Wait and see how Jack gets on with the Boy," pleaded Mooswa.

"I could sit here and smell that fish all day," declared Nekik.

"So could I," added Mink. "It's just lovely. I've never tasted fish dried in the firepot. I stole some once from a Trapper, which he had dried in the sun—there was no juice in it."

"Pe-e-p! Peep!" squeaked Whisky-Jack. The Boy looked up at him.

"What a frowsy-headed old Jay," he exclaimed, shying a stick at the Bird on the wire.

Muskwa dug Mooswa in the ribs with his big paw. "We'll see fun yet if we wait," he chuckled thickly.

"Don't bodder 'bout dat fell'," remonstrated François; "dat's only Whisky-Jack."

"Only what?" asked the lad.

"What dey call Canadienne Jay—Whisky-Jack."

"Shall I shoot him?"

"No; dat fell' no good; he's not wort' de powder an' s'ot."

Jack heard a faint giggle come up from the gray willows, for Wolverine had his big-clawed fist half-way down his throat to choke the sound of laughter.

"Our clerk's Men friends are complimentary," remarked Black King.

The Boy cut a small piece of fat pork, stuck it on the end of a sharp stick, and busied himself somewhat at the stove front; but the watchers could not quite see what he was doing. "I think I'll give Jay some breakfast," he said suddenly; "the Bird seems hungry." And, straightening his back, he threw toward him the lump of pork.

With a pleased chuckle Jack swooped down upon it and drove his beak into the white mass like a lance. Then he went through a rare set of gymnastic contortions, for the wicked Boy had heated the pork red-hot. Jack clawed at it with his feet and burnt his toes—his tongue was blistered.

"What's that noise?" exclaimed Rod, as a distinct muffled laugh escaped from the band of animals.

"It's de float-ice groundin' on de ribber-banks, I t'ink me," answered François, cocking his head sideways to listen.

As the animals slipped away in alarm, Jack came fluffing after them and perched himself indignantly on Mooswa's great antlers.

"Oh, my giant brother!" he cried furiously; "come and kill that debased Man-cub, I beg you."

The Moose's shaggy sides were heaving with suppressed laughter. "What has he done, sweet Bird?" he moaned.

"Taken the skin off my toes and blistered my tongue."

"Why don't you wear boots as I do and not knock around barefooted? I should always be jamming my toes if I hadn't these thick-soled boots. Why, last year when the big fire was on I went through miles of burning country and except a little hardening up of the soles got no harm."

"But you don't wear boots on your tongue, do you?" asked the Bird crossly.

"No, Silent-one, I don't—neither do you; but if you'll just wrap it up for a few days and give it a rest I'm sure it will be all right."

"Do," cried Carcajou; "we shan't mind. I suppose that's what the Boy calls his tongue trap—he knew for whom to set it, too."

Come and trample him with your sharp hoofs, dear Mooswa," pleaded Whisky-Jack, the lack of sympathy and the chaff making him furious

Oh, sit still if you're going to ride on my horns ' exclaimed the Bull. "You're jigging about

"As though he had corns," interrupted Carcajou

"It was so nice of you, Whisky-Jack," said Lynx in an oily tone, "to take care of us all while we were then [illegible]' Some of us might have burned our tongues only for your [illegible] destroying the hot bait.'

When the animals got back to their meeting-place, which was known as the Boundary Centre, they stopped for a little to compare notes

'Comrades," said Mooswa, "little have I claimed from you. I kill not anything; neither the Fox clans nor the sons of Umisk, nor the red-tailed Birds that beat their wings like drums, nor anything. But this new law I ask of you all in the face of the King: for the Boy that was my Man brother the saleguard of the Boundaries.'

"You have not had the hot meat thrust in your throat friend of the rascally Boy," objected Jack angrily

Hush, chatterer!" growled Bear; "let Mooswa speak."

"The horn-crowned Lord of the Forest gives expression to a noble sentiment," declared Pisew. "By all means let the Kit Man grow free of the Boundary Fear, until his claws are long and his bone-cracking teeth are strong '

"He must have a mother also," said the Red Widow softly. "You have all foresworn malice to my babe, Stripes, until he is of full strength let the Man-cub have the same guard."

What about Francois?" objected Whisky Jack. "By my stone-crop! I'll wager he taught that chick the trick of the hot pork

For him," continued Mooswa gravely, "in defense of our rights and our lives, the full law of the forest: by night, the lone road and the cry of Blue Wolf and his brothers; by day the strong clasp of Muskwa; at close quarters, the stamp of my hoofs; and for his traps and their bait the cunning of Carcajou and Black King

This is fair it is a good law said Black Fox

It is!" they all cried in chorus

"I am satisfied!" added the Moose

I think it would be well, subjects said Black King thoughtfully, "to watch this Man and Man-cub until the setting out of the traps. After that we can regulate our lives in accordance How long will it take them to build the lodge, clerk?'

Four days, Francois told the Boy last evening, as he smoked the scent flower

Then on the fourth day, three or four of us, who are quick travelers, had better go and watch the evil ways of this slayer. What say you all?

"Most wise King," exclaimed Pisew; "select thou the strong runners

"Very well; Mooswa, Muskwa, Pisew and myself; also Carcajou, for he has knowledge of Man the Killer's ways

I should like to see the lodge when it is finished," whined Beaver "but my short little forelegs travel not overfast on land

'So you shall, comrade," growled Muskwa; "you may ride on my back

'Or on my antlers," suggested Mooswa 'their bowl will be like a cradle for you

That's settled then," declared Black Fox. "On the fourth round of the sun we meet at Francois's shack, in the safety time of the forest the dawn hour; either that or at dusk hour. What say you, brothers—which shall it be?

It would suit me better on account of my work," ventured Umisk ' to go at the dusk hour. I have lost much time lately, and I'm building new lodges for my three-year-old sons who are starting out for themselves

"Don't be late then—I go to bed at dusk," lisped Whisky-Jack mincingly, for his tongue was wondrous sore. "I will take note of what the Men [illegible] meantime

At sunset on the fourth day Black King and his party once more crouched in the willows at Red Stone Brook. François and his young friend were just putting some finishing touches to the shack roof—placing the last earth sods on top of the poles

Strong teeth! But that is funny!" laughed Beaver "The Man carried his trowel tail in his front paws. I wish I could do that I have to turn around to look when I'm doing a nice bit of plastering." It was the Half breed's trade that had drawn forth this remark.

"Yes," declared Whisky-Jack wisely, "one time the Men were like you—walked on four legs and used a trowel tail for their building; now they stand upright, and have shed the trowel, which they use in their hands

'Wonderful!' soliloquized Umisk; "still, they can't do as good work. Fat poplar! but it's a poor lodge. The only sensible thing about it is the mud roof

François struck the clod sharply with his spade, setting it into place. "How clumsily the Man works," cried Beaver, 'I'm glad my tail is where it is. What's that mud thing sticking up out of the corner, Jay? Is it a little lodge for the Kit Man?

'That's a chimney—part of the fire-trap," answered Jack

' I know what that's like," asserted Carcajou "I went down one once. The Trapper locked his door, thinking to keep me out while he rounded up his traps. It's a splendid trail for getting in and out of a shack. Why, I can carry a side of bacon up that hole—did it '

"Isn't the Boy lovely?" muttered Mooswa "Isn't his call sweet? What does Francois name him, Jack—Man-cub or Kit Man?

Just then the Half breed sang out: "Rod, I t'ink me it's grub time—knock off De ole s'ack she's finis'."

"Rod?" mused the Moose. "Yes, that is what the Factor used to call him. 'Rod! Rod!' he would shout and the Boy would run with his little fat legs.'

Rod and the Half breed went inside, closed the door and lighted a candle, for it was growing dark; then they put a fire in the stove and cooked their supper

The watchers, eager to see everything, edged cautiously up to the log building. Space for a small window had been left by the builders, but the sash was not yet in place

I should like to see that mud-work the Man did with his head-trowel," whispered Umisk

Climb on my horns, little brother," said Mooswa softly, and I will lift you up

Beaver slipped around gently on the roof, inspecting François's handicraft, while the others listened at the window

"By goss! Rod," said the Breed, "I put me a leetle fire on de fireplace for dry dat chimney, s'e's soft De fros' spoil him when s'e's no dry

I believe they have made the chimney too small," muttered Carcajou. "I'm going up to have a look

To-morrow we put out dat traps," remarked the Half breed. "What you t'ink, Boy—I see me dat Black Fox yesterday

"The Black Fox!" exclaimed his young companion eagerly. "The beauty you spoke of as being in this part of the country?"

The King trembled Already this terrible Trapper was on his trail

Yes; I know me where he have his hole. I put dat number fo'r Beaver traps close by, cover him wid leaves, an' put de fis'-head bait on top. Den we see. We keel plenty fur here dis winter. Dere's big Moose track, too—mus' be Bull

The King scratched Mooswa's foreleg with his paw to draw his attention, but the latter had heard

I make some snare to-night, an' put him out wid castoreum. Dere's plenty cat here

Lynx shuddered. "We must help each other," he whined in a frightened voice

Mooswa felt a little pat on his lofty horn and looked up Lift me down, brother," whispered Beaver

"Where's Carcajou?" queried the King

"Poking around the chimney—he made me nervous

'Wuf!" sniffed Muskwa gently "The Man burns the stinkweed in his mouth—it's horrible!" François was smoking

Carcajou was busy examining the mud and stick wall of the chimney which stuck up three feet above the roof. "I'm sure they've made it too small," he muttered; "I'll never be able to get down That will be too bad. By my cunning! but I'd like to know for sure—I will." For nothing on earth but complete investigation will satisfy a Wolverine's curiosity

He made a little spring, grabbed the top of the chimney with his strong forelegs, and pulled himself up. As he did so the soft mud collapsed and sank with a tremendous crash through the hole in the roof, carrying the reckless animal with it

Run for it!" commanded the King sharply; "that mischievous devil has made a mess of the business

Whuf! Wuf! Whuf!" grunted Bear, plunging through the thicket

Black King melted silently into the darkness of the forest as swiftly as a cloud shadow crosses a sunlit plain

Lynx gathered his sinewy legs and fairly spurned the earth in far reaching bounds

Sit tight, little brother [illegible] muttered the Moose, putting his nose straight out and laying the horn crown back over his withers as he rushed with [illegible] wheel action, like that of a pacing horse, from the little clearing

When the crash [illegible] jumped to his feet in amazement Before he could investigate, the mass of mud upheaved, and a small dark brown body scuttled across the floor, clattered up the wall and vanished through the open window

Rod stood in speechless amazement while his companion critically [illegible] by the aid of a candle, the pile of soft mud debris

I t'ought me dat," he remarked with satisfied conviction, straightening his back and setting the candle down on the rude plank table "It's dat Debil of de Woods Carcajou. Wait, you, Mister Wolverine; François s'ow you some trick

What was he after?" queried the Boy

After for raise Ole Nick You know what we mus' do? We mus' ketch dat debil firs' or we keel no fur here. He steal de bait an' cache de trap. 'Spose we go out from de s'ack, dat Carcajou come down de chimney, tear up de clo'es, spill de farin—de flour—t'row de pot in de rubber, an' do ever' fool t'ing what you can t'ink. Never mind, I ketch him, an' I keel him!

Whisky-Jack had perched on the end of a roof-plate log when the trouble materialized, so he heard this tirade against Wolverine. The Bird could hardly go to sleep for chuckling What a sweet revenge he would have next day; how he would revile Wolverine! Surely the unfortunate Carcajou had scorched his feet, and maybap his back!

I wonder whose toes are sore to-night," the Jay thought 'I hope he got a good singeing—meddling beast! Nice Lieutenant, to upset everything just when we were having such a lovely time! Oh, but I'll rub it into him to-morrow.'

Editor's Note—The fifth of these stories will appear next week

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Mr. Croker's Sermon to Young Men

THAT Richard Croker, Boss of New York City and Heir-apparent to the State, should declare that the trusts have practically killed a young man's chances for success in business, is—well, "it is to laugh."

Mr Croker is boss, or president, or sachem, whatever you choose to call it, of one of the finest examples of the trust idea in existence to-day. For what the trust is to business, the machine is to politics. If one has raised the price of necessaries, the other has increased the tax rate. If one has narrowed business opportunities, the other has decreased political chances for honest young men of ability. What greater field for advancement have they in the service of a machine-made government, controlled and run in the interests of a few corrupt bosses, than in the employ of a monopoly owned by half a dozen selfish capitalists?

There is crying need of an antitoxin for the trusts, but there is greater need of a specific to cleanse the country of those bosses, municipal and national, Democratic and Republican, to whom purity in politics is an "iridescent dream" and office an opportunity to plunder. That done, we shall be much nearer a correct solution of the trust problem. For no law is stronger than the man who executes it

"If I were to use a common, every-day expression to convey my idea of the condition of the young man who seeks a future," remarked Mr. Croker in the course of his speech, "I should say that he is up against it. There is no ladder on which he can climb"

This idea that successful men pull up the ladder after them, leaving the youth who would follow to grope about helplessly in the darkness of an exhausted mine, is not original with Mr. Croker. As Senator Beveridge points out in an article in this week's Saturday Evening Post, it was old when Homer was young. Solomon's Proverbs were doubtless directed largely to the young men of his time who thought that Palestine was played out; and Poor Richard's maxims found a new generation half convinced that their fathers had cornered all the good things in Pennsylvania. It always will be the thought of strong young men until they "find themselves" in their struggle with the world; it always will be the stock excuse of the incompetents, the weaklings. And the men who see a chance to profit by that weakness will continue to the end of time to pat them on the back and to tell them that a selfish chap used up the last chance just before they were born.

It is true that a man may be so circumstanced, and through no fault of his own, that he is terribly handicapped in the contest for the great prizes of the world; that he may be inadequately equipped, mentally and physically, to compete for them, but they are greater and richer than ever before and the race is still open to all comers. Given moderate ability and fair health—the endowment of the average man—and any youth with good staying powers may still work through to the fore.

Of course, it is not easy to succeed; it never was and never will be easy, but even if the chances would be still greater were existing business abuses remedied, it is still not so hard to-day as it was yesterday. Even before the days of great combinations, opportunities didn't, as a usual thing, happen along. Nine opportunities out of ten were and always must be made, not found. But no young man need go to a new country, a new city to search out a new thing—even in these days of trusts—if he is bent on making his opportunity. New fields are tempting, but old ones still repay cultivation

Take the oldest, the commonest thing you know—take wheat, the world-old staple. For thousands of years it has been the familiar crop and food of the nations. And yet within a century it has yielded untold millions to men who have discovered new ways of cultivating, harvesting and marketing it, and brought prosperity to millions for whom their ingenuity has made new employments and broadened old ones. It has distributed fortunes among the bright young chemists who learned its constituents and those of the soil in which it was grown; among the farmers who took advantage of that knowledge and produced new and improved varieties; among the manufacturers who saw that sterile fields could be made fruitful by supplying needed plant food in the form of commercial fertilizers; among inventors who improved and still improve the machinery of plowing, sowing, harvesting and grinding; among the millers and manufacturers who kept putting on the market better flours and the hundred hitherto unthought of wheat foods and products. From each of these ideas came great fortunes and new fields for the employment of thousands. And there is still a future in wheat, though Mr. Leiter demonstrated that there is nothing for young men in "wheat futures."

And fourthly, Mr. Croker, in his little sermon of half-truths, advises young men who would better their condition to think for themselves and to join political clubs. Disregarding any splendid mental reservation that he may have had when he gave this advice, and accepting his words at par, they are at once the conclusion and the solution of the whole matter.

If young men will think out present-day problems for themselves, and then join or organize a club belonging to that party which seems to be working for honest government and sane legislation, it will mean that the pirates who, sheltering themselves under the flag of party, gain possession of our cities and loot their treasuries, will be swept out of existence; that cleaner state politics will follow honest city government. And then the regulation of vicious monopolies will be an accomplished fact. There is a great future for thinking young men in politics, if they will work for it. And the riddance of our cities and states of ring rule will make another handsome increase in their opportunities.

In other years it was campaign fun; now it is campaign fund.

Trouble in the Wake of the Census Man

THIS is a great time for estimating, and the average American is never happier than when he is counting probabilities. On the one hand we have the political prophets taking straw votes and announcing the pluralities of their respective tickets several weeks ahead of time. Children are not the only beings that have to be amused in this world, and while this form of recreation is useless, it is at least harmless. In another direction the results are more material. From the figures already ascertained it is calculated that our population will be about 75,000,000, which is equally disappointing to those who predicted 80,000,000 and to those who predicted 70,000,000, but quite satisfactory to the average citizen who knows that an increase of over 13,000,000 in ten years is a better showing than any other nation on earth has made. The full count of the census is promised by December.

The usual lessons are being taught in population figures, but one of the severest was that of a Western city which, ten years ago, in order to show an enormous gain, is said to have used up all its old hotel registers besides taking inventory of its pet animals and every other thing that could be called a name. Of course, when another census, giving the facts, was taken, all these things had to come out, and the consequence was that it was the only American city that showed a decrease within the decade. It adds to the irony of the whole situation that its citizens give the padding of ten years ago as the explanation of the present figures, and then patriotically affirm that the city, instead of losing, has actually gained during the decade. It is a poor American who cannot explain things when it comes to the scratch.

While cities have their rivalries, there is one place whose splendid growth will excite no envy, and that is the National Capital. The increase in population during the ten years has been far above the average, and the figure now reached is 278,718. As the census was taken in a month when many Washingtonians were away, it would not be wrong to say that Washington has to-day about 300,000 people—truly a fine contrast to the straggling waste of magnificent distances where mud and malaria once ruled. Mr. Henry Macfarland, the President of the District Board of Commissioners, explains it all by saying that Washington is the most attractive city for residence in the United States, and adds: "Washington has the best municipal government in this country—no bosses, no rings, no scandals, a low tax rate, fine schools, fire and police systems, broad, well-shaded well-lighted and well-swept streets, numerous parks, excellent street and steam railway facilities." Which goes to show that we should not judge Washington by Congress. It used to be said that all good Americans go to Paris when they die. This will soon be changed; they will go to Washington. Of course, they will not feel at home there at first, because the idea of an American city without a boss is too impossible for immediate comprehension.

It costs more each year to live, but then it is worth more each year to be living.

The Man Up a Tree

"WORSE than that," replied Jacques, looking very grave, in the novel, "I am in a regular fix—up a tree, by Jove!" If Jacques were in the United States at the present time he would not feel lonesome. If misery loves company, dilemma loves a crowd, and in good truth there is scarcely room enough on the branches at this time for the good people who are trying to perch above the perplexities of Presidential politics. Democrats and Republicans, not to mention members of other parties, are roosting [illegible] knowing which way to flutter or to fly, and praying [illegible] new revelation may dawn upon their disturbed judgments. A few days ago the editor of one of the leading New York papers wrote to Mr. Cleveland saying that thousands of citizens found themselves greatly embarrassed as to their duty on election day, and asking him to give such advice as would solve the problem and make the way clear. Mr. Cleveland's reply was a cordial and clever letter from the treetops.

"I am," he said, "by no means free from the perplexity which now afflicts thousands of those who love the principles of true Democracy. In this circumstance, I am not inclined to advise others as to their present political duty." When a man of Mr. Cleveland's courage and candor leaves the political field and seeks a tree, it is proof positive that hundreds of thousands of others are doing the same.

In other days of partisan rancor it was considered cowardly for a man to get up a tree—he had to take one side or the other. The first Mugwumps were called everything, from naughty children to copperheads, but gradually the spirit of independence has wrought changes, and it is no longer a disgrace to climb a tree. Sometimes the vision is aided by a new elevation; sometimes honest doubts shed new lights on the understanding; sometimes a man thinks a little more of himself after thinking out political problems instead of blindly following the crowd. All literature, too, teaches us that trees are educational. Another Jacques—not the one of the novel, but the melancholy gentleman of Shakespeare—found "tongues in trees." And Sir Walter Scott, in The Heart of Midlothian, quotes as the words of a Highland laird while on his death-bed, to his son, the following: "Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping."

So, taking all in all, if being up a tree widens intelligence, stimulates conscience or makes more positive and powerful the duty of the man to the State, we may safely quote the familiar words:

"Woodman, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough."

China's headache after it is over will be acute, provided, of course, China has any head left to ache with

Tempting Genius with Prizes

LAST year there appeared an announcement that a gentleman had offered seven hundred dollars in prizes for replies to The Man With the Hoe. The competition was admirably managed, and the prizes were duly awarded, but the results did not attract any particular attention, and the other day, in stating that the late Collis P. Huntington, the millionaire, was the maker of the anonymous offer, the Sun remarked that he was not very highly gratified by the poems which received his money.

This, of course, is not surprising. For some reason or other the modern prize contest does not invite the best writers, or elicit the best products. There was a time in the early history of the country when literary pay was small, and when every author grabbed eagerly at opportunities, but even then things did not always go smoothly. A party of cultured young men in Baltimore desired to encourage literature and offered a prize for the best short story and the best poem. When the jury read the manuscripts they found the best in both instances to be in the same handwriting. The story was called The Manuscript Found in a Bottle, and it was so far beyond anything else that it received the prize of one hundred dollars. When it came to the poem the kind-hearted gentlemen thought it would be unjust to give both prizes to the same man—and he a comparative stranger—so they waived Edgar Allen Poe's verses aside, and awarded the other prize to a local versifier. Still, the hundred dollars was very welcome to Poe at that time.

This is not cited to show that modern juries would be controlled by similar motives, but simply to recall that it is about the only prize contest of the century in this country that brought out a permanent contribution to our literature. The explanation is easy. The literary market is always open and there is a ready sale for first class material.

As an encouragement to modern literature the prize contest cannot be called a success

Love in a cottage is all right, provided the cottage has gas, electric lights, steam heat, hot and cold water, baths, stationary washtubs, open plumbing, closets in every room, polished floors, new wall paper, fly screens, and servants who will stay.

"Publick Occurrences"

MR GEORGE H DANIELS

MR EDSON J. WEEKS

A Year of Broken Railroad Records

"Those states and nations are rich, powerful and enlightened whose transportation facilities are best and most extended. The dying nations are those with few or no transportation facilities," said George H. Daniels, the General Passenger Agent of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. Mr Daniels is one of the practical men who have done much to develop railroad speed and comfort, and he is a serious student of railroad affairs. His statement being admitted, it follows as a matter of course that the greater the speed of railroad trains the larger the value of the roads to the country, because nothing contributes more to the profits of the people than the saving of time

When Fulton's little steamer paddled along the Hudson he scarcely thought there would come a time when a vessel would go through the water at the rate of over forty miles an hour, which was done by one of England's new torpedo boats a few weeks ago. When Peter Cooper ran his little engine, that looked like a spinning-wheel, and mashed his finger in operating the machine, he probably had no idea that a train would run over the same track before the century was out at the rate of more than one hundred miles an hour—the speed reached recently in a trip from Baltimore to Washington

With our ocean steamers the breaking of records seems to be a weekly occurrence The monsters which the great lines are building glide across the ocean well within the week, and cut each other's figures down by hours on their voyages. Even the old ships have caught the spirit of speed and are outdoing their previous performances.

All this enables a single lifetime to comprehend more than at any other period in the world's history. A man can accomplish larger and greater things nowadays because he can get about faster.

Over a Hundred Miles an Hour

During the present year Frederick Hugh Adams succeeded in getting a test for his new invention, a sheathed train, covered so as to offer the least possible resistance to the air.

The first trial was made between Baltimore and Washington, a distance of forty miles. Two miles in each city is through the outskirts and the law compels every train to run at low speed. Yet in spite of this necessary slowing down a locomotive weighing fifty-seven tons, with six cars weighing one hundred and sixty tons more, made the run of forty miles in thirty-seven minutes and thirty seconds. At one point on the line a single mile was made in forty seconds; at another point two miles were run in eighty-one seconds; another run of four and one-half miles was at the rate of eighty five miles an hour; a run of over twenty miles averaged seventy-eight and six-tenths miles an hour, and seven miles of it were up grade. It was in the last five miles, however, that the maximum was reached; the whole distance was covered in two minutes and fifty-five seconds, a speed of 102.8 miles an hour. It is claimed that this train, on long runs, with good track, will be able eventually to reach a steady run of from eighty to one hundred miles an hour.

Other fast runs are reported from the railroad lines of the country. The Northwestern road's fast mail ran fourteen miles in seven minutes, or at the rate of 120 miles an hour Some of the new locomotives have a record of a mile in thirty seconds, although that, of course, is very exceptional. On the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad there is a record of a mile in thirty-two seconds. On the Pennsylvania Railroad a train covered a little over five miles in three minutes, or at the rate of 102 miles an hour. The Burlington Route claims the highest speed ever reached, a run of two and four-tenths miles in one minute and twenty seconds, or at the rate of 130 miles an hour. It is stated that though there was no speed indicator on the engine, four stop-watches caught the time. This run was made in January, 1899

There are many records that hover around the hundred-miles-an hour mark, but only six above it are officially given in the tables of speed performances. A seventh is added by the sheathed train over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. But any day we may expect to see these achievements surpassed. Nothing is more progressive in this modern era than the American Railroad, and, while it is opposed to racing, it is very fond of breaking even its own best records.

Schedules Calling for a Mile a Minute

When it comes to regular runs, which, after all, test the quality of locomotives and roadbeds, the United States is far and away ahead of the rest of the world. Indeed, out of fourteen regular trains running a mile a minute and upward ten are American, two are French and two are English, and of six trains making sixty-one miles an hour or better all are American but one, which is French.

The fastest scheduled trains of the world are those which run during the summer months between Camden, N. J., and Atlantic City. A few weeks ago there was a notable performance on one of these lines. A locomotive drawing fourteen heavily loaded coaches ran the fifty-nine miles between the Delaware River and Atlantic City in fifty two minutes, or at the rate of over sixty-eight miles an hour. The four fastest trains in the world run between these points. The Philadelphia and Reading Railway, of which Edson J Weeks is General Passenger Agent, covers its fifty-five and one half miles at the rate of sixty-six and six-tenths miles an hour, and the Pennsylvania covers its fifty-nine miles at the rate of sixty-four and three-tenths miles an hour. Each of these trains is scheduled, including the ferry trip across the Delaware River, at one hour from Philadelphia to Atlantic City. The Reading has the longer ferry and hence is required to make the better time on its tracks.

The Midi road, between Morceaux and Bordeaux, makes on its fast express sixty-seven and three-fourths miles at the rate of sixty-one and six-tenths miles an hour. The only English railroad that comes near this is the London and Southwestern, which makes a fifteen mile run at the rate of sixty and one-tenth miles per hour. The French Government and some of the English railroads are ordering American locomotives, and if they equal the American records they will have to do it with American machines.

Europe's Showing on Long-Distance Runs

On the long-distance runs Europe comes closer to the records of this country, and indeed leads. The India Express on the Orléans and Midi road makes the run of 480¾ miles from Paris to Bayonne in one minute less than nine hours, or fifty-four and thirteen one hundredths miles an hour

Next to this, however, is the Empire State Express, which makes the 440 miles between New York and Buffalo in eight hours and fifteen minutes, or at the rate of fifty three and thirty-three one-hundredths miles an hour. The time on the American road is really more wonderful when we remember that it includes four stops, two changes of engines and twenty-eight slow-downs on account of running through incorporated towns and cities. On this road for one stretch of twenty-two miles and another of seventeen miles and another of sixteen miles and another of sixty miles the regular schedule time is exactly sixty miles an hour. For one stretch of twelve miles it is sixty-three and forty one hundredths miles an hour and for another stretch of nearly ten miles it is sixty four and eighty-six one hundredths miles an hour. Further than that, the train has the enormous weight of 608,000 pounds.

In Great Britain the two greatest long distance trains are the East Coast Flyer, which runs from London to Edinburgh over the Great Northern and Northeastern road, and makes the 393½ miles in seven hours and forty-five minutes, or at an average rate of fifty and seventy-seven one-hundredths miles an hour, and the West Coast Flyer, which runs from London to Glasgow over the London and Northwestern and Caledonian road, a distance of 401½ miles, in eight hours.

On the Great Mountain Grades

The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad runs through more mountainous country than any other railroad in America From Denver to Palmer Lake the train rises 2000 feet in fifty-two miles, and from Pueblo to Leadville it rises 6000 feet in one hundred and fifty-eight miles. In the opposite direction, from Grand Junction to Leadville, a distance of one hundred and seventy-five miles, it rises nearly 6000 feet in addition to crossing an intermediate range at Tennessee Pass, 10,443 feet. On the line between Salida and Grand Junction is Marshall Pass, where the train reaches an elevation of 10,856 feet—6356 feet above Grand Junction at one end and more than 4000 feet above Salida at the other end. Yet in spite of all these things, on the main line between Denver and Ogden, the regular trains make an average speed of thirty miles an hour, actual running time. Ten years ago, when the schedule was placed at thirty four hours between the two points, the distance being 783 miles, it was considered impossible to reduce that time. Yet the trip is now traveled well within twenty seven hours.

Tearing Across the Continent

Transcontinental runs in the United States have bursts of wonderful speed, but the average is necessarily much lower on account of the mountains to be crossed. But already the mail is only four days from New York to San Francisco, and the present generation will probably see it reduced to three. In Canada the Imperial Limited makes a run between Montreal and Vancouver, 2906 miles, in one hundred hours, and once this run was made in a little over ninety five hours, and the mails which the train carried were only twenty and one half days from Yokohama to London, a record performance in the transportation of the world

On most of the transcontinental lines, of which there are six, it is possible to travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific within four days, and, at many points of the journey, the train will be going at over sixty miles an hour. Mountains as high as 8000 feet are to be climbed, and this reduces the average of speed. But even with that some very remarkable things are done

Those who read Kipling's Captains Courageous will remember the thrilling description of the special train crossing the continent. This was founded on fact—on a journey made by Mr S. F. Cheney, Jr., one of the Board of Directors of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway system, who, in order to attend a special meeting, traveled 2267 miles in a special train and made the trip in three days, seven hours and two minutes, a record that would have been much better had there been no delays from excessive rainfalls along certain parts of the road

Two Famous Long-Record Trips

But the most famous special journey on American railroads is probably what is known in railroad history as the Peacock Special Mr. C. R. Peacock, Vice-President of the Carnegie Steel and Iron Company, was in Los Angeles and received a call to an important meeting in Pittsburg after the limited express had left. He requested a special train to Chicago and was told that it would cost him $4000. He agreed to the price, and as quickly as possible a train was made up, consisting of the engine and tender, a Pullman car and a combination buffet, smoking and baggage car Mr Peacock's family and secretaries accompanied him, making a party of nine altogether

The race against time began. A weight of seventy-four and a half tons was to be pulled over mountains 8000 feet high to Chicago, a distance [illegible] miles The train left Los Angeles at ten o'clock, March 27, 1900, and it reached Chicago at 9.56 P. M., two days later. The total time was fifty-seven hours and fifty-six minutes, or, deducting delays fifty-three hours and thirty two minutes. Thirteen engines were used. At one time the train was 8000 feet above sea level, and it climbed the terrible grades at an average speed of thirty-three miles an hour. At some places of the journey the speed reached seventy-five miles an hour, and one run of about forty miles was made in thirty-nine minutes. Mr Peacock was punctual in his attendance at the meeting On the Burlington Route a run from Chicago to Denver, 1025 miles, was made in 1047 minutes, or fifty-eight and seventy four one-hundredths miles an hour, excluding stops the world's record for such a distance.

The New Era in Railroad Progress

There is no railroading country which has not its special achievement in speed or in service. They used to tell of a certain road in one of the Eastern States, that its only train stopped at every road crossing which promised a passenger or a bit of freight, and one of its regular pauses was for the purpose of taking on board a dozen eggs which a deserving widow sent each morning to the town market. One day she came in some distress to the conductor and said

"I'm very sorry, but I have only got eleven.

"Never mind," he responded politely, "we'll wait."

Even that bit of road has its fast service now. The development of speed everywhere is one of the astonishing chapters of American progress. The little lines, many of which were crippled, have been bound into great systems, and the same course is being pursued with the electric roads.

PHOTOGRAPHING LILIES—By Clarence Moores Weed

A Display of Canada Lilies

FEW flowers are more worthy of consideration by the photographer than the lilies of the field. They are full of grace and symmetry and loveliness, and much of their charm can be transferred to the sensitive film of the camera, where the joy of their evanescent beauty becomes in some sense permanent. They are large enough to make satisfactory pictures, whether taken out of doors or in the studio; and they exhibit such variations of color that skill and knowledge are required to get a good series of photographs

One of the most interesting generalizations of modern science is that which says that the color, the odor, the shape, the position, and even the time of blossoming, of a flower are to be explained with reference to its insect allies The surest way to learn whether this doctrine is true is to study carefully some group of flowers to see what relations exist between them and the world of insects

These lilies are admirably adapted to such a study. Their structure is simple, yet there is a decided variation in the appearance of different species If we stop to analyze the difference we see at once that it is due chiefly to two causes: color and position. All our common lilies are constructed on the same general plan, there being six petal like divisions of the blossom, an equal number of stamens and a single pistil. This structure is well shown in the accompanying view of a Madonna lily, from which two of the petals have been removed to show the stamens and pistils

One of the most familiar lilies in the northern United States is the Canada lily, or Wild Yellow lily. As will be seen from the picture the bell shaped blossoms hang down nearly vertical, with the pollen bearing anthers of the stamens in a cluster where the clapper of the bell would be. Just below these anthers and projecting from the middle of them is the stigma on the end of the pistil

Among the garden lilies few are more beautiful than the pearly white Madonna or Annunciation lily. The shape of the flowers in this species is very similar to that of the Canada lily, but instead of hanging vertically downward they are held horizontally, the mouth of each blossom facing away from the stem The stigma projects a little beyond the anthers, in the middle of the open flower. To learn what insects visit the Madonna lilies watch a row of them some evening as twilight comes on As night falls notice how the pure white petals glow in the early dusk, and stand out in clear relief against the surrounding green. Presently you see a swiftly-flying object hover in front of one of the flowers, stopping but a moment before going to another. Could you catch one of these creatures in an insect net you would find it to be a beautiful sphinx-moth or humming bird hawk-moth, with heavy body, short and powerful wings, and an extraordinarily long, coiled tongue. Hovering like a hummingbird before the open flower it thrusts its tongue to the base of the blossom where the great drops of nectar are lying, and rapidly sips them up. While thus hovering, the head and more or less of the base of the tongue rub against the stigma and the anthers, some of the pollen from the latter being thus rubbed upon the insect When the next blossom is

Sectional View of Madonna Lily

reached some of these pollen grains will become attached to the viscid stigma and cross pollination thus ensues. The moths appear to be attracted by sweet odors. Did you ever notice that the perfume of these lilies is most evident in the evening?

These white lilies are likely to make trouble for the photographer who has not yet solved the problem of photographing white flowers. In an ordinary exposure in daylight, if the green stems and leaves are brought out the flowers are likely to be too dense in the negative. The secret of a good result lies in reducing the light and lengthening the exposure. Out of doors, wait until the sun is low in the west; indoors, draw down the shades till the light is actually dim. Then give a long exposure through a small stop against a dark background and you should be able to get a perfect negative

The beautiful Turk's Cap lily of our meadows and marshes is so rare that I have never had an opportunity to study its pollination The petals are recurved, and of an orange or orange yellow color, especially toward the ends, and with numerous tawny spots on the front surface. The anthers hang downward, although not always in a vertical position, and the stigma does not project beyond them. I should think that the flower would be pollenized by bees similar to those that pollenize the Yellow Canada lily

The Philadelphia lily is another beautiful species found throughout most of the Eastern States. One, two, three or four flowers are held erect at the top of the main stalk. They are generally of a bright red color, and the petals are narrowed below so that each flower appears open at the base. The stamens and pistils are about the same length and project upward in the middle of the blossom. In photographing these a color screen will be of great assistance.

With the exception of the Madonna lily these lilies are all native wild species, and there are several others of these native species found in different parts of the United States. There is also the common Tiger lily which has escaped from cultivation in many parts of New England and the Atlantic States. This is a superb lily, a native of China and Japan, its great tawny spotted flowers being borne in abundance on the tall, erect stems. It is hardy, and will come up year after year with vigor. We have also two species of the Day lilies which are often to be found in the neighborhood of old gardens. These do not belong to the genus Lilium to which the other lilies belong but are placed by botanists under the genus Hemerocallis. The commonest of these is the Red Day lily. The large reddish blossoms are borne on long stems and are held horizontally. This species is a native of Europe and Asia and has probably been in cultivation in this country ever since the first flower gardens were started. The Yellow Day lily is a more beautiful flower, the blossoms being of a lovely yellow hue and held horizontally on the upright stems

All of these lilies are beautiful and well worth careful study. The ways in which they are visited by insects is a subject of especial interest And the beauty of these photographs will more than repay you for your work

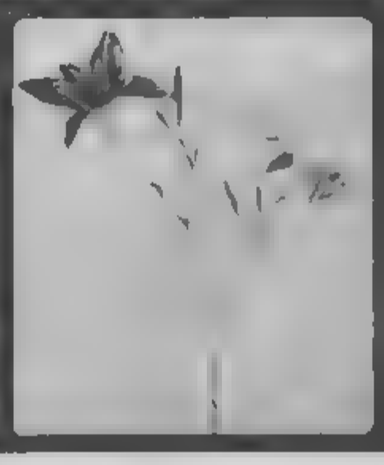
Madonna or Annunciation Lily

Turk's Cap Lily

Yellow Day Lily

Philadelphia Lily

Red Lily



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MARK TWAIN

The Friends of Mark Twain's Boyhood

By Homer Bassford

MOST of the boys who went to school with Mark Twain are dead; but in the hills of northeast Missouri one may yet come across white-bearded, pleasant-mannered old fellows who played the pranks and knew the hairbreadth 'scapes of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn

Only a few weeks ago The Saturday Evening Post's Paris correspondent set forth the interesting fact that Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer are on the friendliest of terms with the youth of France. These boys, along with thousands upon thousands of our own boys, will be happy to know that nearly all of the atmosphere that surrounded Huck and Tom is just about as it was fifty years ago, when the boys ranged the hills, the river, the islands and the Cave. Scores of other "Hucks" and "Toms" have come and gone, and many others are doing pretty much the same thing, right now, that the originals did

If you were to go to Hannibal to-day and make inquiry for some of the "boys" who went to school with Sam Clemens you would probably be directed to Ed Pierce and Charley Curts. When you hear them spoken of as "Ed" and "Charley" you feel that they must be youngsters yet, and that some trick of time has kept them just as they were when they used to row up to the island and scratch for the Frenchman's gold. Mr. Curts told me the other day that he was more than seventy years of age. He is over six feet in height, very straight, very carefully dressed and very classical in facial outline. We were standing near the little park of the town when Mr. Curts pointed to a spot in the centre of it

Where Tom and Becky Were Lost

"Right there," he said, "stood a one-story frame schoolhouse. The teacher was a Miss Newcomb Sam Clemens and I learned to spell in that [illegible] and on Sundays we went there to church and Sunday school—when we couldn't sneak away. That was when we were round about ten and fifteen years old In the period when we were older Sam and I ran off a good deal and went to the Cave, the same Cave that you read about, the Cave in which Tom and Becky were lost. We always took some fire with us, carefully guarding it from the wind. We managed to get candles somehow, and after we got lighted up we would climb the hill and crawl through the little hole that let light into the long, narrow passage leading to the main part of the mysterious place. We spent hours and hours there, day after day. Sam never tired of exploring the wonderful hallways, rooms and walks. To this day there are portions of it known only to Sam Clemens. Once in a while we hear that Mark Twain is lazy and that as a youngster he put all the work on the other fellow. This isn't true. He not only did his share of all the work there was to do, but he lent another aid that was beyond the gifts of the others. He used to get a lot of the boys—Ed Pierce, Bill Nash, Ben Coontz, 'Gene Freeman, Ruel Gridley, Tom Blankenship and John Meredith—and tell the Arabian Nights stories to us. His father, John M Clemens, owned the only copy of the book in town, and after Sam had digested it thoroughly he related the whole thing to us, decorated in his own way

"Did Mr. Clemens aspire to authorship at that time, or do you recall that he gave any indication of his future course?" I asked Mr. Curts

"He was the best story teller among the boys—the best boy story-teller I ever knew; but he wasn't thinking much about authorship. One time some one patted him on the shoulder and asked, in the usual way

"'What are you going to be Sammie, when you grow up?

'Haven't thought much, sir,' said Sam, 'but I suppose I'll grow into a man

One of Mark Twain's Early Pastimes

Edward Pierce is a bit younger than Mark Twain, but he always managed to be present when the Arabian Nights stories were going around, and many a time he helped to dig for gold on Treasure Island When Ed Pierce, Sam Clemens, Bill Nash and Ruel Gridley were boys together there was a mill near which the youngsters loved to gather. This mill was in the centre of a narrow valley, and at the top of the long steep inclines that ran away from it were great stones, tossed there in bygone ages by the wondrous hand of Nature

"Sam Clemens and the others of us used to tear those stones loose," said Ed Pierce on a recent Sunday, "sometimes working days and nights together to get a particularly big one free. Then we'd start her down the hill One time we cut loose a whaler, and, when we saw the course it was taking, we began to shiver in our boots. It would hit the mill Once the stone struck a flat place on the slope and we held our breathing in the hope that it would stop. We grabbed each other by the shirt-sleeves and strained our eyes as the great rock paused, wobbled, struck a smaller rock and then, with a whirl to one side, set off to the bottom with a speed that would have filled our hearts with joy if the mill had not been there.

"Mebbe she'll hit something an' turn out,' Sam suggested

Sure enough, at that instant the rolling stone struck a small boulder and shot twenty feet down a side course, but our relief was of short life, for there was yet another boulder in just the right position to restore the course of our big one. While we were watching, the head miller appeared at one of the doors He grasped the situation in an instant and calling his helpers out, he and the others ran for their lives. Sam and I waited for the stone to strike. It went through the wall and landed far inside the mill Then we got away Many times we sent rocks down that hill. As I look back at it I wonder that we didn't kill some one

Mark Twain's Broad Range of Studies

Not many years ago—less than fifteen perhaps—Mr. Clemens went to Hannibal for the purpose of spending a short time amid the scenes of his boyhood. In the course of his visit he was much in the company of his lifelong friend, Colonel Ro Bards, who is one of the pillars of the community. With Colonel Ro Bards he made a tour of the churches one bright Sunday morning, taking particular interest in the children. At the place of his first visit the host told the Sunday-school Superintendent that the distinguished visitor would be glad to address the little folks. Mr. Clemens at once grew reminiscent. He was glad to be home again, back among the hills of his early youth, where he knew every rock and gully It was good to be in the old home Sunday school again. Here Colonel Ro Bards and the Superintendent exchanged glances of doubt

"Yes," continued the speaker, "and you must know how it delights me to be in this Sunday-school where every bench is to me as an old friend. I sat right over there where the stove used to be—right in that seat where the little girl with the red dress is now. Ah, how it all comes back to me!"

Then Colonel Ro Bards pulled at the famous man's coat tails and indicated that it was time to hurry on. At the next Sunday school Mr. Clemens was soon on his feet

"My dear friends," he said, "I'm so happy to be here again, close to scenes I once knew so well, for right there, within twenty feet of where I stand, is the seat in which I used to sit with Charley Curts" (or some one equally well known). "How well I remember it all!"

Colonel Ro Bards blushed for his guest and begged a pressure of time as an excuse for leaving When the two were safely out of the church, Colonel Ro Bards turned on him

"See here, Sam," he said, "you never went to Sunday-school in that church It wasn't there when you lived in Hannibal or the other one, either, for that matter

"Goodness me! Can that be so?" Mr Clemens exclaimed "How time does fly

Then the two visited a third church a spick and span new one of which the congregation was very proud. Mr. Clemens, as soon as his presence became known, was duly pressed for a few remarks

"I can only say," he said, "that I am very happy to be here this morning. The sight of this magnificent edifice recalls to my mind other days than this. It brings to my thoughts another group of youngsters, hardly as well dressed as these bright-faced boys and girls, but all quite as anxious to become good men and women. I was one of them. My seat was over there near where the boy with a red necktie is sitting. Indeed, I think it must be the same seat"

Then, walking closer, as if to scrutinize the place more carefully, he said, "Yes, it's the same"

Come on," said Colonel Ro Bards. "It's time to go to dinner."

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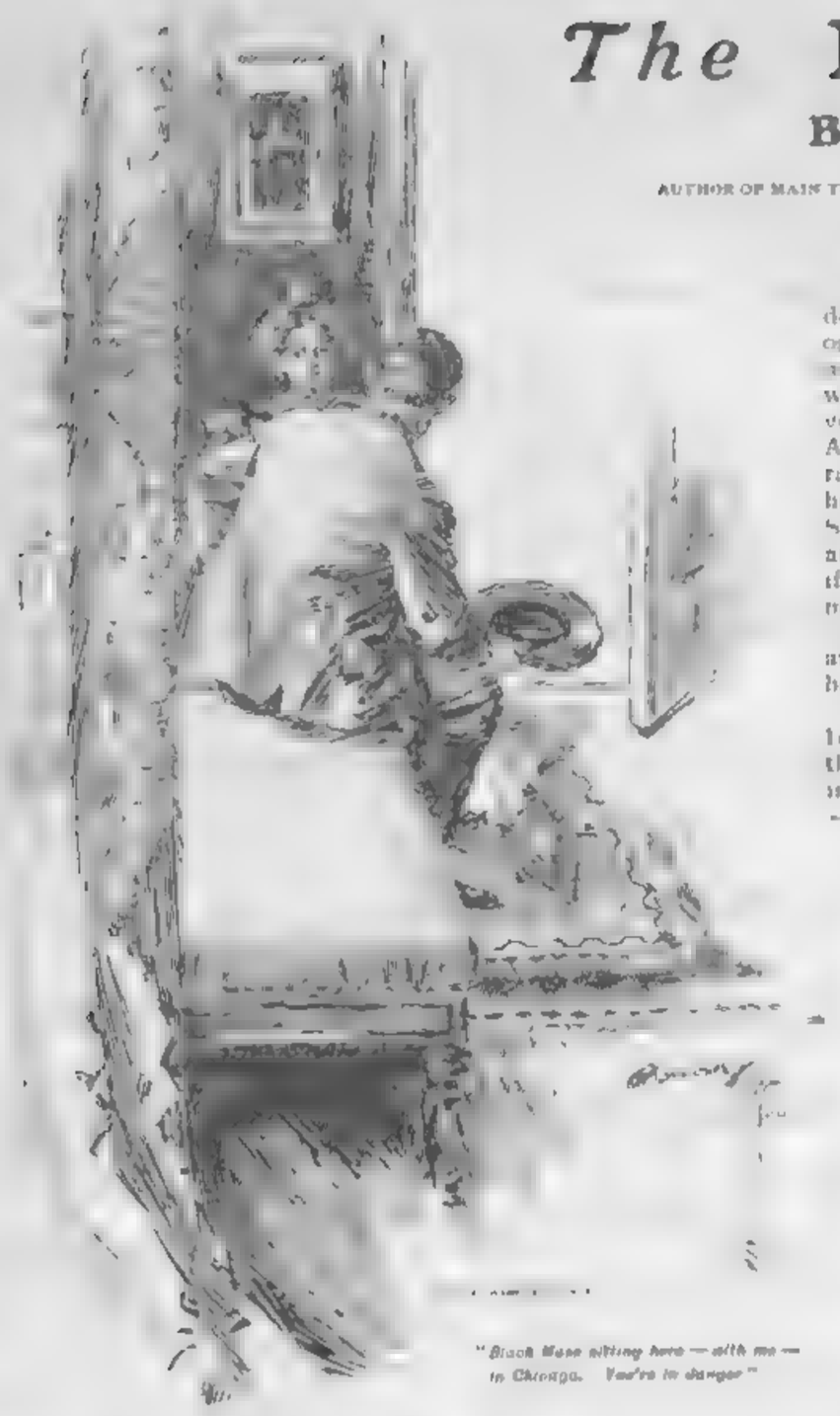

"Black Mose sitting here — with me — in Chicago. You're in danger"

The Eagle's Heart

By Hamlin Garland

AUTHOR OF MAIN TRAVELED ROADS, BOY LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE, ROSE OF DUTCHER'S COOLLY, ETC

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He knew her far down the hall—he recognized the poise of her head and but which had always been very fine and dignified. As she approached, the radiance of her dress, her beauty, scared him. She looked at him once and then at the clerk as if to say "Is this the man?"

Then Harold arose and said "Well, Mary, here I am."

For an instant she looked at him, and then a light leaped into her eyes. "Why——" she stopped abruptly as he caught her outstretched hands, and she remembered the sinister association of his name. "Why—why, I didn't know you. Where do you come from?" Her face was flushed, her eyes eager, searching, restless. "Come in here," she said abruptly, and before he had time to reply she led him to a little ante-room with a cushioned wall-seat, and they took seats side by side.

PART III—FIFTH CHAPTER

THE YOUNG EAGLE ADVENTURES INTO STRANGE LANDS

HAROLD went down the steps to avoid the elevator. The next place was oppressive with its grandeur. A tremendous wall, cold and dark (except for a single row of lighted windows) loomed high overhead. In the centre of an arched opening in this wall a white, hot globe flamed, lighting into still more dazzling cleanliness a broad flight of marble steps which led by a hall turn to unknown regions above. Young people were crowding into the elevator, girls in dainty costumes predominating. They seemed wondrously flowerlike and birdlike to the plainsman, and brought back his schooldays at the Seminary, and the time when he was at ease with young people like these. He had gone far from them now their happy faces made him sad.

He walked up the stairway, four flights, and came to a long hall which rustled and rippled and sparkled with flights of young girls—eager, vivid, excited and care free. A few men moved about like dull-coated robins surrounded by orioles and canary birds.

A bland old man with a clean-shaven mouth seemed to be the proper source of information, and to him Harold stepped with his question.

The old man smiled. "Miss Yardwell? Yes—she is one of our most valued pupils. Certainly—Willy!" he called to a small boy who carried a livery of startling newness, "go tell Miss Yardwell a gentleman would like to see her."

"I suppose you are from her country home?" said the old gentleman, who imagined a romance in this relation of a powerful and handsome young man to Miss Yardwell.

"I am," Harold replied briefly.

"Take a seat—she will be here presently."

Harold took the offered seat with a sick, faint feeling at the pit of his stomach. The long hoped for event was at hand. It seemed impossible that Mary could be there—that she was about to stand before him. His mind was filled with the things he had arranged to say to her, but they were now in confused mass, circling and circling like the wrack of a boat in a river's whirlpool.

Editor's Note—The Eagle's Heart was begun in The Saturday Evening Post of June 25.

"It is impossible!" she said, still staring at him, her bosom pulsating with her quickened breath. "It can't be you," she whispered; "Black Mose sitting here—with me—in Chicago. You're in danger!"

"I don't feel that way."

He smiled for the first time, and his fine teeth shining from his handsome mouth led her to say:

"Your big mustaches are gone—that's the reason I didn't know you at once—I don't believe I like you so well——"

"They'll grow again," he said; "I'm in disguise." He smiled again as if in a joke.

Again the thought of who he really was flamed through her mind. "What a life you lead! How do you happen to be here? I never expected to see you in a city—you don't fit into a city."

"I'm here because you are," he replied, and the simplicity of his reply moved her deeply. "I came as soon as I got your letter," he went on.

"My letter! I've written only one letter; that was soon after your visit to Marmion."

"That's the one I mean. I got it nearly four years after you wrote it. I hope you haven't changed since that letter."

"I'm older," she said evasively. "My father died a little over a year ago."

"I know. Jack wrote me."

"Why didn't you get my letter sooner?"

"I was on the trail."

"On the trail! You are always on the trail. Oh, the wild life you lead! I saw notices of you once or twice—always in some trouble." She looked at him smilingly, but there was sadness in her smile.

"It's no fault of mine," he exclaimed. "I can't stand by and see some poor Indian or Chinaman bullied—and besides, the papers always exaggerate everything I do. You mustn't condemn me till you hear my side of these scrapes."

"I don't condemn you at all, but it makes me sad," she slowly replied. "You are wasting your life out there in the wild country—oh, isn't it strange that we should sit here? My mind is so busy with the wonder of it I can't talk straight. I had given up ever seeing you again——"

"You're not married?" he asked with startling bluntness.

She colored hotly. "No."

"Are you engaged?"

"No," she replied faintly.

"Then you're mine!" he said with a clutch upon her wrist, a masterful intensity of passion in his eyes.

"Don't—please don't!" she said; "they will see you."

"I don't care if they do!" he exultantly said. Then his face darkened. "But perhaps you are ashamed of me?"

"Oh, no, no—only——"

"I couldn't blame you if you were," he said bitterly. "I'm only a poor devil of a mountaineer, not fit to sit here beside you."

"Tell me about yourself," she hastened to say. "What have you been doing all these years?" She was determined to turn him from his savage arraignment of himself.

"It won't amount to much in your eyes. It isn't worth as much to me as I thought it was going to be. When I found King had your promise—I hit the trail and I didn't care where it led, so it didn't double on itself. I didn't want to see or hear anything of you again. What became of King? Why did you turn him loose?"

Her eyelids fell to shut out his gaze. "Well—after your visit I couldn't find courage to fulfill my promise—and so I asked him to release me—and he did—he was very kind."

"He couldn't do anything else."

"Go on with your story," she said hurriedly.

As they sat thus in the corner of the little sitting-room, the pupils and guests of the institution came and went from the cloak rooms, eying the intent couple with smiling and curious glances. Who could that dark, handsome young man be who held Miss Yardwell with his eyes? The girls found something very interesting in his bronzed skin and in the big black hat which he held in his hands.

On his part Harold did not care—he scarcely noticed these figures. Their whispers were as unimportant as the sound of aspen leaves, their footfalls as little to be heeded as those of rabbits on the pine needles of his camp. Before him sat the one human being in the world who could command him, and she was absorbed in interest of his story. He grew to a tense, swift, eager narration as he went on. It pleased him to see her glow with interest and enthusiasm over the sights and sounds of the wild country. At last he ended.

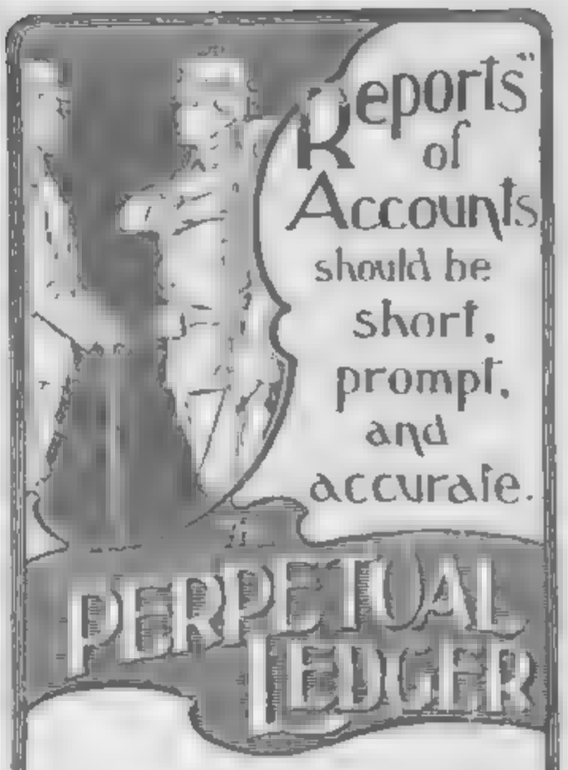
"And so—I feel as though I could settle down—if I only had you. The trail got lonesome that last year—I didn't suppose it would—but it did. After three years of it I was glad to get back to my old friends the Reynolds. I thought of you every day—but I didn't listen to hear you sing, because I thought you were King's wife—I didn't want to hear about you ever—but that's all past now—I am here and you are here. Will you go back to the mountains with me this time?"

She looked away. "Come and see me to-morrow; I must think of this. It is so hard to decide—our lives are so different——" She arose abruptly. "I must go now. Come into the concert; I'm going to sing." She glanced at him in a sad, half-smiling way. "I can't sing if I Were a Voice for you, but perhaps you'll like my aria better."

As they walked along the corridor together they formed a singularly handsome couple. He was clad in a well worn but neat black suit, which he wore with grace. His big rimmed black hat was crushed in his left hand. Mary was in pale blue, which became her well, and on her softly rounded face a thoughtful smile rested. She always walked with uncommon dignity, and the eyes of many young men followed her. There was something about her companion not quite analyzable to her city friends—something alien and savage and admirable.

Entering the hall they found it well filled, but Mary secured a seat near the side door for Harold, and with a smile said: "I may not see you till to-morrow. Here is my address. Come up early. At three. I want a long talk with you."

Left to himself the plainsman looked around the hall, which seemed a splendid and spacious one to him. It was filled with ladies in beautiful costumes, and with men in claw-hammer coats. He had seen pictures of evening suits in the newspapers, but never before had he been privileged to behold live



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men in them. The men seemed pale and puny for the most part. He had never before seen ladies in low-neck dresses and he gazed at one just before him in astonishment. He was glad Mary had more modesty than to dress in such a way.

The concert interested him but did not move him. The songs were brilliant but without meaning. He waited with fierce impatience for Mary to come on, and during this wait he did an inordinate amount of thinking. A hundred new conceptions came into his besieged brain—engaging but by no means confusing him. He perceived that Mary was already as much a part of this high-colored life as she had been of the life of Marmion, quite at ease, certain of herself; and the cañon between them widened swiftly. She was infinitely further away from him than before. His cause now entirely hopeless, he had no right to ask any such sacrifice of her—even if she were ready to make it.

As she stepped out upon the stage in the glare of the light she seemed as far from him as the roseate crown of snow on Sierra Blanca, and he shivered with a sort of awe. Her singing moved him less than her delicate beauty—but her voice and the pretty way she had of lifting her chin thrilled him just as when he sat in the little church at Marmion. The flowerlike texture of her skin and the exquisite grace of her hands plunged him into gloom.

He did not join in the generous applause which followed—he wondered if she would sing If I Were a Voice for him. He felt a numbness creeping over his limbs and he drew his breath like one in pain. Mary looked pale as a lily as she returned and stood waiting for the applause to die away. Then out over the tense audience, straight toward him, soared her voice quivering with emotion—she dared to sing the old song for him.

Suddenly all sense of material things passed from the wild heart of the plainsman. He saw only the singer who stood in the centre of a white flame. A soft humming roar was in his ears like the falling of raindrops on the leaves of maple trees. He remembered the pale little girl in the prison. This was not Mary—but she had the voice and the spirit of Mary——

Then the song stopped! The singer went away—the white light went with her and the yellow glare of lamps came back. He heard the passionate applause—he saw Mary reappear and bow, a sad smile on her face—a smile which he alone could understand—her heart was full of pity for him. Then once more she withdrew, and, staggering like one suffering from vertigo, the eagle-hearted youth went out of the hall and down the polished stairway like an outcast soul, descending from paradise into hell.

That radiant singer was not for such as Black Mose.

SIXTH CHAPTER

A DARK DAY WITH A GLOWING SUNSET

THE clerk at the station window was not the kindly young man who had received Harold's ticket for safe-keeping. He knew nothing of it and poked around for several minutes before finding it. After glancing keenly at its date he threw it down and brusquely said:

"Time's out on this, my friend."

Harold looked at him sharply. "Oh, no, that can't be; it's a thirty-day trip."

The agent grew irritable. "I know it is; it was good to the fifteenth; this is the seventeenth; the ticket is worthless."

Harold took up the slip of paper and stared at it in bewilderment. The agent was right; he had overstayed the limit and was without five dollars in his pocket. He turned weak with a sudden sense of his helplessness and the desolation of his surroundings. He was like a man whose horse fails him on a desert. Taking a seat on a bench in a dark corner of the waiting-room he gave himself up to a study of the situation. To be alone in the Needle Range was nothing to worry about, but to be alone and without money in a city scared him.

For two hours he sat there, his thoughts milling like a herd of restless cattle turning aimlessly around and around in their tracks. He had foolishly neglected his opportunity to escape, and the mountains became each moment more beautiful as they swiftly receded into unattainable distance. He had expected to be riding back into the safe and splendid plains country, back to friends and familiar things, and had trusted to the joy of his return to soften the despair of his second failure to take Mary back with him.

It was a sorrowful thing to see the young eagle in sombre dream, the man of unhesitating action becoming introspective. Floods of intent business men, gay young girls and grizzled old farmers in groups of twos and

Then out over the tense audience, straight toward him, soared her voice quivering with emotion —she dared to sing the old song for him

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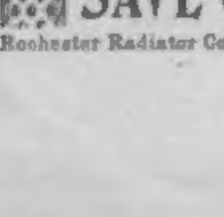

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threes, streamed by, dimly shadowed in his reflective eyes. All these people had purpose and reward in their lives; he alone was a stray, a tramp, with no one but old Kintuck to draw him to any particular spot or keep him there.

"I am outside of everything," he bitterly thought. "There is nothing for me."

Yes, there was Cora and there was little Pink—and then he thought of Mrs. Raimon, whose wealth and serenity of temper had a greater appeal than ever before. He knew perfectly well that a single word from him would bring her and her money to his rescue at once. But something arose in him which made the utterance of such a word impossible. As for Cora and the little one, they brought up a different emotion and the thought of them at last aroused him to action.

"I'll get something to do and earn money enough to go back on," he finally said to himself; "that's all I'm fit for, just to work by the day for some other man; that's my size. I've failed in everything else I've ever undertaken. I've no business to interfere with a girl like Mary. She's too high class for a hobo like me; even if I had a ranch it would be playing it low down on a singer like her to ask her to go out there. It's no use; I'm worse than a failure; I'm in a hole, and the first thing I've got to do is to earn money enough to get out of it."

Harold took up the slip of paper and stared at it in bewilderment

He was ashamed to go back to the little hotel to which he had said good-by with so much relief. It was too expensive for him, anyhow, and so he set to work to find one near by which would come within his changed condition. He secured lodging at last in an old wooden shack on a side street not far from the station, where rooms could be had for twenty cents a night—in advance. It was a wretched place, filled with cockroaches and other insects, but it was at least a hole in which he could den up for a few nights when sleep overcame him. Thus fortified, he wandered forth into the city, which was becoming each moment more remorseless and more menacing in his eyes.

Almost without knowing it he found himself walking the broad pavement before the musical college wherein he found Mary. He had no definite hope of seeing her again, but that doorway was the one spot of light in all the weltering black chaos of the city which now threatened him with hunger and cold. The awe and terror he felt were such as a city dweller would feel if left alone in a wild swamp filled with strange beasts and reptiles.

After an hour's aimless walking to and fro he returned to his bed each night still revolving every conceivable plan for earning money. His thought turned naturally to the handling of cattle at the stock-yards, and one morning he set forth on his quest, only to meet with a great surprise. He found all the world changed to him when it became known that he was looking for a job. When he said to the office-boys, "I want to see the man who has charge of hiring the hands," they told him to wait a while in a tone of voice which he had never before encountered. His blood flamed hot in an instant over their calm insolence. Eventually he found his way into a room where a surly fat man sat writing. He looked up over his shoulder and snarled out:

"Well, what is it? What do you want?"

Harold controlled himself and replied: "I want to get a job; I'm a cattleman from Colorado, and I'd like——"

"I don't care where you're from; we've got all the men we want. See Mr. White; don't come bothering me."

Harold put his hand on the man's shoulder with the gesture of an angry leopard, and a yellow glare filled his eyes, from which the brutal boss shrank as if from a flame.

With a powerful effort he pulled himself up short and said: "Treat the next cattleman that comes your way a little more decent or you'll get a part of your lung carried away. Good-day."

He walked out with the old familiar numbness in his body and the red flashes wavering before his eyes. His brain was in tumult. The free man of the mountain had come in contact with "the tyrant of labor," and it was well for the big beast that Harold was for the moment without his gun.

Going back to his room he took out his revolver and loaded every chamber. In the set of his lips was menace to the next employer who dared to insult and degrade him.

In the days that followed he wandered over the city, with eyes that took note of every group of workmen. He could not bring himself to go back to the stock-yards, there was danger of his becoming a murderer if he did; and as he approached the various bosses of the gangs of men in the street, he found himself again and again without the resolution to touch his hat and ask for a job. Once or twice he saw others quite as brutally rebuffed as he had been, and it was only by turning away that he kept himself from taking a hand in an encounter. Once or twice, when the overseer happened to be a decent and sociable fellow, Harold, edging near, caught his eye and was able to address him on terms of equality; but in each case the talk which followed brought out the fact that men were swarming for every place; indeed Harold could see this for himself. Ultimately he fell into the ranks of poor, shivering, hollow-cheeked fellows who stood around wistfully watching the excavation of cellars, or hanging with pathetic intentness above the handling of great iron beams or pile-drivers.

Work came to be a wonderful thing to possess. To put hand to a beam or a shovel seemed now a most desirable favor, for it meant not only warm food and security and shelter, but in his case it promised a return to the mountains which came each hour more and more to seem the one desirable and splendid country in the world; so secure, so joyous, so shining, his heart ached with wistful love of it.

Each night he walked over to the Lake shore, past the college and up the viaduct, till he could look out over the mysterious, dim expanse of water. It reminded him of the plains, and helped him with its lonely sweep and its serene majesty of reflected stars.

At night he dreamed of the cattle and of his old companions on the trail; once he was riding with Tailfeather and his band in the West Elk Mountains; once he was riding up the looping, splendid incline of the Trout Lake Trail, seeing the clouds gather around old Lizard Head.

At other times he was back at the Reynolds ranch taking supper while the cattle bawled, and through the open door the light of the setting sun fell.

He had written to Reynolds asking him to buy his saddle and bridle (he couldn't bring himself to sell Kintuck) and each day he hoped for a reply. He had not stated his urgent need of money, but Reynolds would know. One by one every little trinket which he possessed went to pay his landlord for his room. He had a small nugget, which he had carried as a good luck pocket-piece for many months; this he sold, and at last—a final concession—his revolvers went, and then he seemed helpless.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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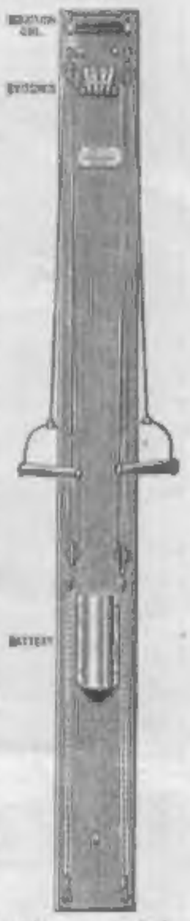

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Americans in Paris

THE man in whom patriotism is not dead thinks of it in terms of the Fourth and the Fourteenth—two dates that are landmarks of liberty. I like to think that the taking of the Bastile was an event more important to humanity than any other in history, except, perhaps, something that happened "in the course of events" one July day in 1776.

You do not care about the armies that marched and charged in mimic battle on the sunny fields of Longchamps; about President Loubet's dinner and the speeches that trailed along until midnight; all that is a twice-told tale. We have celebrated the taking of the Bastille so often—and written about it perhaps too much.

But it will be news to you that the Shah—the Shah whose brother-in-law only yesterday ordered his baker browned in his own oven the better to teach him to crisp his loaves—celebrated, too. You shall hear about it for yourselves.

It is ten o'clock in the evening. The bells are booming over Paris and everywhere the Bengal fires are flashing. There, where the Napoleons held sway in the Tuileries, the fireworks are spinning and democrats are dancing. This is no time for the Palace of the Élysée and after-dinner speeches. So I take my leave. In the cloak-room I meet a stout and angry gentleman, with gray mustaches and a tiny gold chain bracelet on his wrist. It is Clement Scott.

He says: "Isn't it shocking bad management, you know? I can't get my own top-coat."

Then, quite calmly, in his very best English, he describes that coat to the poor, worried French flunky; at last he gets it; it is a black cape-coat, lined with crimson silk—and I do not wonder the little flunky thought it belonged to the Shah; still, when Clement Scott got it on he looked even more distinguished than he did without it. The capes flapped back in such a gorgeous crimson way, as we walked down the grand staircase, that every one bowed low—I shared a little of his glory.

"I'm going to take some friends over to the Latin Quarter to-night," I said.

"I'll go, too," said Clement Scott; "I've not been there since 1867—the days of the Empire. Is La Chaumière still there?"

Long, long ago the Chaumière vanished into the past; in its place to-day is a café kept by a New York billiard player; life changes, and Paris.

Overawing the Populace

At the Café de la Paix, in front of the Opera House, we met David Belasco and Charles Emerson Cook. Then we tried to get a cab to take us to the Latin Quarter. Now, Paris on the Fourteenth is not Paris. The streets are given up to the people. Street cars and 'buses are stopped early in the day, and it is only by the sovereign will of the people that a private carriage or a cab is permitted to journey on.

At every street corner, in every park or square, in every broad street, the bands play and the good citizens of Paris amuse themselves by dancing, supping, romping in the open air. Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, the small children and their nursemaids, youngsters fresh from school, workingmen and 'prentices—on this night the good people of Paris own the town.

We got a cab at a price that might have bought the whole outfit—bar the coachman—and set out down the Avenue de l'Opéra for the Latin Quarter. We had forced our way perhaps twenty yards through the good-natured crowd, when a band of fifty dancers linked hands and began to circle about us. They were flower girls, shop girls, clerks from the business houses, fathers and mothers and small "kids"; and all of them sang the Marseillaise.

Our cabby pulled up and laughed and shouted, "Vive la France!" He waited; and Mr. Belasco and I, who knew more than seven words of French, joined in the chorus. Mr. Belasco said: "Oh, what a scene for the stage—look at the lights over there—if I could only put that on the stage!"

Clement Scott stood up and threw back the flaps of his crimson-lined coat. He raised one hand—the hand with the chain bracelet; the dance and the song stopped. The populace was hushed.

"It's like a play!" Belasco whispered.

In his best English—in an English accent that would not have been noticeable at all in Piccadilly or Rotten Row—Clement Scott said:

"Me good people, ye know, we don't want to interfere with your sports, ye know—but we cawn't stay heah all night. Just make way for us there;" and Clement Scott waved his white-gloved hand.

For a moment the crowd hesitated; men talked to each other; the women whispered in an awe-struck way; suddenly they all drew back, and as our cab rolled on a great shout rolled up and down the Avenue de l'Opéra: "Vive le Shah! Vive le Shah!"

The cabman said he thought he could get us over to the Latin Quarter, but all of us, except Clement Scott, thought we might as well go home; and we did.

From the Ends of the Earth

Long ago there were three men who studied in Paris. They were good friends, and over in the Latin Quarter they were known as the "Three Musqueteers." One of them was a Frenchman; the other two were Americans. Life separated them and for ten years they did not meet. Last Thursday Joubert, of New Orleans, was walking across the Place Perier when he saw a fellow who looked like Athos—of the old Musqueteer trio. A moment later there was a great hand-shaking and the two sat down in the sunny air in front of a café.

And it was, "What have you been doing?" and, "What, married?" and, "Your little girl is seven years old? Shake!" and many other things.

Aramis, who is Joubert, and Athos, who is a man who writes, squeezed each other's hands and said, "If only Porthos were here!"

Now, each of these men was a mile or two away from his own quarter of Paris; they had met by chance; as they looked up they saw a big fellow—big as Porthos—swaggering across the square. He was dressed in a colonel's uniform, his sword trailed at his spurred heels, and across his blue-coated breast ran a glittering line of medals and orders.

Now, this man had just come up from Tonquin on the other side of the world. For the first time in ten years he walked the streets of Paris; he took by chance just such a turning, and met his two friends of the old student days—days of poetry and song and fanciful hopes, of dreams and love and frank loyalty.

"You here, you here!" he shouted, and then the Three Musqueteers of the long ago were gripping hands again.

Let me drop Dumas's fiction: Joubert is Joubert, I am I, and Armand Lafrique is the Governor-General of the French Province of Tonquin, in China. There we met again, after the years had run away with some of our ideals, and we found each other just the same as when last we met. Of course, Joubert has given up verse for music, and Lafrique rules a province instead of rhyming.

"Governor of Tonquin," I said; "how's that?"

"My old grandfather, the Senator, came up to my garret one day and asked me how I was getting on," Lafrique explained, "and I told him I had got fourteen sous—a cent a line—for my last sonnet. He proved to me that I could do better in the diplomatic corps and I couldn't gainsay him. So—well, I am what I am."

As the ruler of a province that is larger than France, Lafrique is like one of the Biblical kings, "set over" twelve or fifteen other rulers. He is the Great White Mandarin, and on feast days the Yellow Mandarins come to offer him gifts and kiss his hand. The day before he sailed all the Tonquinese and Annamites came bearing gifts. Gilded officials passed, functionaries and employees; last of all a darkling little man, shunned by every one. "And you?" the Governor asked.

"I am the headsman, Excellency," the man said; "I bring you my present."

He opened a basket; Lafrique expected to see a gory head—for every day there were executions—but there fluttered out two tame doves that settled on his shoulders and cooed softly.

"And that," added Armand Lafrique, Resident Governor of France at Hai-Dauong, in Tonquin, "is the best illustration I can give you of the real nature of the Chinaman. He is both cruel and tender, and even the public executioner is a poet at heart."

—Vance Thompson.

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Literary Folk—Their Ways and Their Work

AMONG the books on the South African War is to be one from the pen of Lord Rosslyn, who will thus make his début in a second of the so-called artistic professions. He has already been an actor, changing his full name of James Francis Harry St. Clair-Erskine into plain James Erskine. As Mr. Erskine he has not set the Thames on fire with his talent for acting, but it must be said that he has proved himself a hardworking student; and in spite of a certain tendency in his fellow-actors to gibe at "the belted earl," he has been willing to accept small parts and to play them conscientiously.

South Africa attracted him, and he went out as a war correspondent. He was captured, and while a prisoner at Pretoria he wrote the greater part of his book, which he finished on the voyage home.

Americans who have traveled in Scotland know beautiful Roslin Chapel better than they do its owner, and on account of the difference in the spelling of the name they would perhaps not associate him with this, almost the only thing left to him of the lands which originally belonged to his family. The chapel was founded by one William St. Clair, a descendant of one of the Norman companions of the Conqueror, in 1446, and contains the famous Prentice Pillar, said to have been finished by a young pupil during the absence of the architect, and to have been so beautifully executed that the master, in a fit of jealousy, killed him.

It is by no means certain that Lord Rosslyn will find fame in literature, but some day he is sure to find the thing which suits him, and to do well at it, for he belongs to a versatile and gifted, if slightly eccentric, family. His sister, the Duchess of Sutherland, is, even for a Duchess, a very great lady. She is young and beautiful, always exquisitely dressed, and very fashionable. But she is at the same time a hardworking woman in aid of innumerable charities and public enterprises of all sorts. (The American delegates to the International Congress of Women in 1899 will remember a splendid evening reception which she gave to them in Stafford House, one of the most magnificent of London mansions.)

Her friends and intimates are drawn from artistic and Bohemian circles as much as from the aristocracy; one of them, for a single example, being that delightful young American actress, Miss Ethel Barrymore. The Duchess is a clever woman, well educated, and up to date in all literary matters. Finally, she is an authoress. Her novel, published last year, was a most thoughtful and carefully written book. It surprised most readers by its real knowledge of the middle and lower classes, and its study of the influence of socialistic doctrines on them.

But when the Duchess is staying at Trentham Hall, the Staffordshire place of the family, she sees much of the workers in the potteries there and is active in many ways in improving their condition. She is now at work upon a second novel, and as it is to deal with smart society, it will probably be not quite so serious as the first book, and more amusing. It will be, at any rate, an inside view. And it will be signed, as before, simply Millicent Sutherland.

Mr. Meredith's Retired Life

It is sad to hear that Mr. George Meredith, although he calls himself in perfect health, has been forced to give up the walks which he used to take near his place at Boxhill. But as Meredith is now seventy-two, this is perhaps not to be wondered at. He is still, however, as keenly active, intellectually, as ever, and a visit to the Boxhill cottage is a rare privilege for any lover of literature.

Mr. Meredith's personal distinction is something so wonderful, that although there is no touch of condescension in his manner, no visitor leaves him without something of the feeling which a royal audience gives, or should give. More people visit him than might be imagined from the fact that almost nothing concerning him ever finds itself in print.

Most people, even literary people, know nothing whatever of his private career; and his biography, when it comes to be written, will be almost absolutely fresh and of the most unusual interest.

Mr. Meredith did most of his work before the days of personal journalism, and since he has become one of the most distinguished literary figures in England almost every one who has approached has respected his confidence, and has refrained from making "copy" of anything which he has done or said. The sole instance to the contrary, of late years, was the case of a French journalist who printed some rather scathing remarks made by Mr. Meredith on Mr. Alfred Austin, on the occasion of the latter's appointment to the laureateship. This grieved the famous novelist very much, the more so as he is a great reader of French and a great admirer of the French nation.

Sherlock Holmes in Court

An incident happened in an English court of law the other day which would not entirely please Dr. Conan Doyle.

Mr. Justice Day was hearing a case, when the plaintiff asked one of the defendants, rather satirically, if he considered himself able to follow up a clue in the manner of Sherlock Holmes.

"Who is Sherlock Holmes?" asked the Judge.

"He is the character made famous by Conan Doyle," was the reply.

"And who is he?" asked Mr. Justice Day; and then they had to give the learned judge a lesson in modern literature.

The Sorrows of Miss Corelli

A story is being told in London of an amusing passage of arms between Miss Marie Corelli and the schoolmistress of a school just across from the house where the authoress had taken up residence. Part of the school exercises consisted in the study of music, and, agreeable though this proved to the school children, it proved particularly disagreeable to Miss Corelli. She therefore sent the following note to the schoolmistress:

"Miss Corelli presents her compliments to Miss ——— and begs that she will be good enough to arrange so that there may be no singing class between the hours of ten and one, these being Miss Corelli's working hours, when distractions are peculiarly distasteful."

The following came in reply:

"Miss ——— presents her compliments to Miss Corelli and begs to state that if such a course were likely to prevent the writing of such books as The Sorrows of Satan she would rejoice in arranging a singing program for every day from nine to two."

Bookmaking at the Front

Among the rising authors whom South Africa has brought into greater prominence, one naturally thinks first of Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill. His is the genius which consists of taking pains. His success, which for so young a man (he is still a long way on the right side of thirty) is almost abnormal, has been attained by downright hard work.

He went out for two purposes—to make a name for himself and to be the historian of the war. He knew the value of the most gallant and dashing of his adventures and he had plenty of them.

"I am glad I got imprisoned and escaped," he said to a friend. "You see, I am standing for Parliament."

And he knew the value of perseverance. The war had hardly begun when he had part of his book finished—a chapter on the armored train. And when, after the fall of Pretoria, the war ceased to be of importance, and Churchill, with many others, sailed for England, he never ceased to work at his subject.

Most men breathed a sigh of relief as they stepped aboard the steamer. But young Churchill never deserted his subject. All the voyage he questioned every one on everything connected with the war, and the mornings he generally spent in writing. When, in two years' time, he writes the history of the war, it will be the most careful and detailed of any written. He will leave no stone unturned, and by hook or by crook he will get hold of the official documents—if he has to walk into the War Office and commandeer them.

Mr. Churchill is standing for Parliament, for Oldham, in the autumn, and after that is over he is coming to the United States on a lecture tour, and will visit something like thirty cities. He should arrive about December 30.

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This is a charming story—characteristic of Kipling—full of wit, humor and pathos. It fills about twenty-five magazine pages, and besides its keen interest as a story, throws much light on the South African situation.

It is a picture of Bloemfontein and a character study of an old Scotchman who had been a Free State Burgher for forty years. It is full of characteristic Kipling wit and word play.

No argument could throw as much light on the right and wrong of the Boer situation as this old Scotchman's experiences and opinions.

Other features of the October number of *Everybody's Magazine* will be a story by S. R. Crockett; an article on The Bridge Building Industry; The Story of China's Empress; A Simple Explanation of Explosives and How They Work, and seven other articles and stories profusely illustrated.

No admirer of Kipling will want to miss this timely story, which in itself is worth many times the price of the magazine.

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